*Mid-night and Daily*

# Thoughts.

In PROSE and VERSE.

BY

Sir *WILLIAM KILLIGREW.*

*LONDON*,
Printed for *Thomas Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard,
MDCXCIV.

[illegible]

# *To Sir* William Killigrew,

## On view of his Book of *Mid-night and daily Thoughts.*

*When first I read your pious Sheets, it wrought*
*Within my Soul such sympathetick Thoughts,*
*I seem'd your Transcript, joying so to be,*
*Or else transported as your* Simile.
*Thus ravish'd with my self, I further tried*
*To gain converse with you; that amplify'd,*
*I found and more improv'd what I had took,*
*Your constant Practice doth expound your Book,*
*With this difference only, I might call*
*That the Copy, you the Original.*
*I am so full of you, whate'er I write*
*Flows from your Pen, and you do mine indite.*
*Your Dream of Heaven is so drawn and plac'd,*
*As if of Heaven it self you had a taste,*
*And prepossession, which will ever last:*
*And your angelick Thoughts, so scatter'd, where*
*If Heaven can be on Earth, sure it is there.*
*Your Dream of Hell I cannot barely name,*
*Unless I snatch my Finger from your Flame.*
*I feel the sting of your Expressions so,*
*As if in pain, and forc'd to undergo.*
*Death you've drawn to life so clear, that I*
*In love with life, by reading chuse to die;*
*Unless I liv'd like you, exalted quite*
*With future Joys, an holy* Anchorite.
*Your Poems run so natural you indite,*
*It seems a self-denial not to write.*
*'Tis much, that in your Age of Eighty eight,*
*Your Mind's so full of vigour and of weight,*

*Truly*

*Truly inſpired; and as your Days decline,*
*The more you write, ſtill that is more Divine.*
*There's nothing languid, all your Lines laſt long;*
*Like Honey in a Lion, ſweet and ſtrong.*
*Proceed (bleſs'd Sir) and prove exemplar, even*
*To make Diſciples here, and Saints in Heaven.*

Ri. Newman.

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## On Sir *William Killigrew*'s Nightly and Daily Thoughts.

*WHat Muſe a lofty Fame for him can raiſe,*
*Whoſe whole Ambition is to fly from praiſe;*
*Or fix him gracious with the Multitude,*
*Who only courts a ſacred ſolitude,*
*Whoſe Commerce when awake in Viſion lies,*
*When ſleeping dreams him up into the Skies?*
*All that his Friends can do, is to invite*
*Others to reap what he alone can write,*
*Without the help of Learning, or of Toil,*
*As genuine Plants ſpring from their native Soil.*
*And that's true Fancy which one cannot ſhun,*
*Flowing like Emanations from the Sun.*
*Moſt Poets ſtrive to make the World admire;*
*To be believ'd is all he needs deſire;*
*Whoſe Doctrine to gain Faith wants no relief,*
*But his high untaught Pen ſtrains our Belief:*
*Sincere Devotion Midwife to his Brain,*
*Bows to the loweſt his angelick ſtrain;*
*And his Example Grace abroad do breed,*
*Making him read by thoſe who cannot read.*
*A broken Spirit is his ſoundeſt part,*
*And th'humble Style ſuits beſt his ſoaring heart.*

Hen. Birkett.

To my Honoured Friend

# Richard Newman, *Esq;*

*SIR,*

I Live so much alone, that I have not found a Friend to whom I could communicate this new Bundle of my Mid-night and Daily Thoughts, on which I dare not trust my own Judgment, (nor shew to any of my own Relations, who are such Criticks in Devotion, Eloquence, and Wit, that my mean Talent doth beget Contempt) lest I should suffer in the World's Opinion. Yet it is not my Design to flatter you, or to commend my self, but to beg a real Favour of you to read them: And if you do, without a Compliment, think them fit for the meanest Understandings to gain Profit by them, they shall be printed; else not. I want skill to search Learned Authors for a lofty Strain to gain Applause, and only write such Emanations as my dull Brain afford me: From whence the Benefit I find, and Pleasure that I have in spending my solitary Hours thus, is ample Recompence, besides the Hope of doing good to others, beyond the Vanity of being praised: Who am

*Your most Humble Servant,*

W. Killigrew.

TO

# *Sir* William Killigrew.

*SIR*,

SInce you are pleased to communicate to me before others, the Book of your Mid-night and Daily Thoughts, and in the Front thereof ennobled my Name by way of Dedication, I have not only diligently, but devoutly perused, and applied the same to my own Heart, and find my self both elevated and bettered by it. I have also imparted it to some of my most dear and learned Friends, who stick not to say with me, That they admire such *Heavenly Inspirations*, which cannot be called by any other Name, and wish they could write the like; and all agree to pray you, that it may be forthwith printed; for the Devotional Part thereof transcending, for some Uses, all the deep Notions and Learning in the World; one Practical Page thereof being, in my Opinion, more acceptable to GOD, and comfortable to the Reader, than a Library of critical Authors: And methinks I can say as our blessed Saviour in another case: *I thank thee, O heavenly Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight*, Luke 10. 23. I shall only add this, That whereas you seem in your Letter to give me leave to put out any of your late Meditations, or to correct or transpose any of them, because of some Repetitions you are told are in them, I must really tell you, I am afraid of doing any such thing, for fear of violating such

sacred

facred Raptures; caſting with my ſelf, that though they ſeem to me Repetitions, yet they are no more to be rejected, than the Repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, which hath been ſo uſed and ſanctified by our Saviour's own Lips. Thus concluding, I and my Friends nameleſs, deſire you to have them printed before you die. From

*Your Affectionate Friend,*

Ri. Newman.

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## *An Anſwer to my kind Friend's Preface in his Letter.*

SInce God Himſelf is pleas'd to guide my Pen,
To rectifie the Steps of unlearn'd Men,
I am much pleas'd, yet dare no Praiſes own,
All which (I know) are due to God alone:
But daily pray that I may take delight
To practiſe theſe great Leſſons that I write.
Tho' I'm afraid this Book will have the fate,
That better Books than mine have had of late,
To be laid by, when once it is read o'er,
And ne'er be look'd on, nor e'er thought on more;
Like thoſe Romantick Stories that are writ,
To ſhew their Author's Eloquence and Wit.
But when good Meditations fill a Mind,
Which by the Holy Spirit is refin'd,
Each Paragraph which ſuch good Men ſhall read,
Devotion will receive, and in them breed
Freſh flaming Zeal produc'd by holy Seed,

Whose Soul's with various Joys will entertain,
And let their still-encreasing Stock remain;
Till their devout, experimental Part,
By Faith, the intrinsick value of this Art,
Shall such Angelick Fire in them create,
As may, with them, Heaven's Bliss participate;
And as their glitt'ring Bubbles do decay,
Their lightned Souls with holy Vigour, may
So fix their Minds, and all their Hopes imploy,
Make them assur'd of their eternal Joy.

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*Mid-night*

# *Mid-night and Daily* THOUGHTS.

## *On Chriſtian* Epicuriſm.

IF all the *Epicuriſms* in the World were join'd in one, they could not produce one moment of ſuch ſerene Delights unto the Heart of Man, as is comparable to the Soul's Joy, in a divine Elevation unto God by Meditation; for when ſuch ſacred Illuminations in Devotion do deſcend from above, to enlighen the Souls of pious Men with tranſporting Joy, ineffable, and not to be deſcribed! Tho' they be but faint Idea's of Heaven, they beget ſuch Comforts while thoſe holy Flames laſt, that Men may gueſs thereby thoſe illuſtrious Glories they ſhall participate of, when they come to the poſſeſſion of their eternal Bliſs in the preſence of GOD, which a great reprobate become regenerate, can beſt judge of, even as well as if a Man riſen from the dead, ſhould bring the ſame News to him. Thus St. *Paul*, the greateſt Sinner, became an *Epicurean* Saint.

When Age and Zeal by Grace have luſt ſubdu'd,
Let not foul Gluttony thy Soul delude,
Leſt carnal Fancies ſhould to Age preſcribe
Luxurious Diets, more Wine t'imbibe
Than Nature does require for our Support,
Or Conſcience can admit in any ſort;
For when our Surfeits do our Senſe abuſe,
Such Drunkenneſs no Language can excuſe.

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*Reader*,

THE Author is adviſed, inſtead of an elaborate Preface from ſome kind Friend, to publiſh this little Book of his *Midnight and daily Thoughts*, without being poliſhed by a more learned Pen. Tho' ſome great Clerks do not allow illiterate Men to write Devotion, this Writer does believe, that all Men ought to do ſome good in this World, proportionable to the Talent given them by God; and doth therefore humbly hope, to ſhew ſuch unlearned People as himſelf, that the Plowman and the Cobler may find the way to Heaven without *Greek* or *Latin*, by an uſual exerciſe of divine Meditations; and alſo to ſhew ſome plain Products of his own Time ſo ſpent, by which his Heart does find much Joy by ſerving God entirely, by frequent practiſe thereof, with great comfort of Grace here, and ſome encouraging aſſurance of Glory in the next World: Which he hopes alſo may raiſe other Men's Thoughts to an higher degree of Pleaſure and Piety, than his Talent can reach; though he does endeavour to think himſelf into Heaven before he is called thither, really believing that a ſincere, hearty Devotion, is as acceptable to God in plain Language,

guage, as in Wit and Eloquence, which the generality of Mankind understand not.

If thou a Scholar art, thou soon wilt find
That I am none; I pray thee be so kind,
As all Grammatick Errours to excuse;
I know not *Latin*, nor the Grammar use:
Or if thou art a nice dogmatick Wit,
And wilt dispute 'gainst all that I have writ,
I then must into Heaven for refuge fly,
Because I seek not Praise, but Piety;
And have desired (if then) till I am dead,
These private Papers be not published.
In truth these Meditations were not made
For publick view; and I am much afraid
That you will say so too, my *Midnight Thoughts*,
They are without art contriv'd, full of Faults
Throughout; but yet some pious, learned Men,
Approve Devotion from my vulgar Pen,
Which shew my freer Spirit, who have writ
Plain Lessons without Eloquence or Wit,
Fit to be printed for the Publick Good,
That may by the meer Mobb be understood.

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*On my old Friend's Hieroglyphick Pictures of Eternity.*

THy Time is with thy Life of equal date,
And should be priz'd as equally thy fate.
Then lay thy Wonder by, without delay
Prepare to claim a share in that long Day.
Thou need'st no Serpent-Skull, nor Skeliton,
To mortifie thy Heart by looking on,

When thy own Glass doth shew thee ev'ry day,
How thy Bleer-eyes, and wrinkled Face decay;
Emblem to make thee see, and teach thee why
Thou shouldst live ev'ry moment fit to die.
With joyful Thoughts, and most divine Content,
To be thy own eternal Monument.
Thou know'st that God's all-seeing Eye observes
What ev'ry motion in Man's Heart deserves.
Since nothing from his Knowledge can be hid,
Do thou do nothing that he has forbid;
But now redeem thy mis-spent Time that's past,
To gain a bless'd Eternity at last;
So reconcil'd, that a short Summons may
Thy Soul from hence to Paradise convey,
By blessed Angels to Seraphick Peace,
Where Joys on Joys eternally encrease.

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## *On Divine Ambition.*

HAppy are they who can this World despise,
And firmly serve their God without disguise,
With no design of Avarice or Pride,
Or any other vicious Acts to hide;
But have Ambition to be rich and great,
To shelter the oppress'd that need retreat;
To help the Blind, the Hungry, and the Lame,
In honour to their own and God's great Name;
To shew their Power, and have it understood,
They seek the Nation's, and therein their good.

*On the Five Senſes.*

Awake, dull Soul, leſt this lethargick Fit
Benumb thy Senſes, and thou fall by it:
Thus to permit thy Appetites to ſway,
Will ruine them, and caſt thy ſelf away.

I.

When Earth, and Air, and Seas, are vex'd to find
Exceſſive Rareties of ev'ry kind,
To pleaſe thy Palate cook'd with coſt and care;
Wiſh then ſome heavenly Manna were thy fare.

II.

When rich *Arabian* Spices ſhall be ſpent,
To make ſweet Odours to delight thy Scent,
Think on that coſtly Ointment that was ſhed,
With ſuch Devotion on thy Saviour's Head.

III.

When Lutes and Harps do caſt away thy Cares,
Abate thy Sorrows, and do pleaſe thy Ears;
And mortal Voices do great ſolace bring,
Think on the Choirs of Angels how they ſing.

IV.

When thou art raviſh'd with ſome gentle touch,
Think if the Spear or Crown of Thorns were ſuch;
Or when much pleas'd with what doth ſofteſt feel,
Think then whoſe Hands were pierced thro' with (Steel.

V.

When thy vain Eyes are dazled at the ſight
Of ſome bright Beauty with too much delight;
Look upward to the Throne of Grace, there ſee
More glorious Rays ſent thence to lighten thee.

Thus may my Soul rejoice in either ſence,
Be ſatisfied, and yet learn good from thence;
The world enjoy, and yet from Crimes be free,
By turning Pleaſure into Piety.

## *On Man's Frailty.*

FRail Man, whoſe higheſt Comfort is
To create hopes and dream of Bliſs;
Born ſtill to learn, by learning find
The more we ſee, the more we're blind.
Deſire does all our Joys imply,
Fruitions cloy, not ſatisfie.
Our wiſhed ends attain'd, we ſtill create
New thoughts, which new deſires do animate;
From age to age repining at our lot:
We ſtill deſire to have, what we have not.
Our active ſouls no contentation have;
No fix'd delight between the womb and grave.

Yet though our God have thought it good,
Thus to endow our fleſh and blood
With frail deſires to earthly things,
Which nought but pain and ſorrow brings,
He hath our ſouls created free,
T'enjoy much more felicity.
When our hearts flame with his celeſtial fire,
He will the object be of our deſire:
There may our fancies work, and never ceaſe;
And then will our deſires, our joys encreaſe.
Such raptures never cloy, nor fail to bleſs
Such ſouls with everlaſting happineſs.

The world, if we conſider right,
Doth dazle rather than delight,
With wealth and honours, that decay,
With ſtrength and power that paſs away:
Vain objects, full of hopes and fears,
Freight with few joys and frequent tears.

Where

Where pride, or luſt, or gluttony excell,
We ſee ſhort hours of true contentment dwell.
Though our Creator hath the Creatures made
For men, he has ordain'd them all to fade,
That nothing here might fix our wandring Senſe,
But his divine and heavenly influence.

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## *On Humane Frailty.*

LOrd, I confeſs, when I at mid-night wake,
And think how Chriſt did ſuffer for my ſake,
When all the world ſeems dead, and I alone,
Freed from my Cares, and Care's confuſion,
Then does thy Spirit bear the only ſway,
Taking the burthen of my ſins away;
Then does thy dazling beams of glory free
My heart from fears, with joy to worſhip thee:
Then with an humble, holy confidence,
I row my ſelf on thy Omnipotence;
Which fills my panting heart with ſuch exceſs
Of bliſs, methinks thoſe joys ſhould ne'er go leſs.
But when the Sun appears, and I do riſe,
The world betrays my heart, deceives my eyes,
With wonted vanities, as heretofore,
And I forget my vows to ſin no more.
Thus I grow worſe and worſe, and cannot frame
My thoughts to perfect holineſs; though ſhame
And trouble at the danger I am in,
Makes me abhorr the ſlaviſhneſs of ſin.
Nature and Cuſtom has in me begot
Such earthlineſs, I cannot move a jot
Towards Heaven, until thou think'ſt it fit
To cure my fancy, and reſtore my wit,
That by thy grace I may enabled be
To fix my heart upon eternity.

### *On Repentance.*

REpentance eaſie ſeems, when we regard
Either the puniſhment, or the reward:
We can confeſs, and moan our wretched ſtate,
And humbly our offences aggravate.
To ſigh, to weep, to ſorrow for what's paſt,
Becauſe our ſins our ſouls and bodies waſte,
Does but attrition prove, and ſhew ſome ſenſe
Of our condition; 'tis not penitence,
Until we caſt our vanities away,
And learn to make our appetites obey;
Till we can all habitual crimes forſake,
Hate them we love, and a new pleaſure take
To raiſe our ſouls to ſuch an holy choice,
That each thought may of Heav'n make us rejoice.
'Tis ſuch a total change, a ſelf-denial,
Cauſes the only penitential trial;
At which the Angels joy, and for our ſake
Do an high holy-day in Heaven make.

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### *On Chriſtmas-Day.*

COme, oh come! let us rejoice and wonder,
When the King of Kings lays by his thunder,
And will in gentle language have it ſaid,
His only *Son was in a Manger laid*,
To ſhew the poor, the humble and the proud,
More glory in that lowneſs, than a crowd
Of Princes, with their trains did ever bring
To celebrate the birth of earthly King.
Thus homely born! we read this heavenly Lad,
As *Joſeph's Son*, was ever meanly clad;
Until the purple Robe, and thorny Crown,
Became the *Jewiſh* ſhame, and his renown.

Who

Who would ſubmit to that mock-dignity,
In higheſt ſcorn to his Divinity,
Who might command all Princes then to meet,
And lay their crowns and ſcepters at his Feet.
Fooliſh *Herod!* how blind, how ſtrange a ſtrife
Shewd'ſt thou to murder the young *Lord of Life!*
Unmindful of that new-created *Star*,
Which guided thoſe wiſe Worſhippers ſo far,
To juſtifie the Prophecies of old,
By his Forefathers ſo preciſely told.

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*On Good-Friday.*

THe *Jews* by ancient Prophecies not taught,
Nor by thoſe miracles Chriſt daily wrought;
Nor at his death would they converted be,
When they did high and mighty wonders ſee!
The darkned Sun, the Temple Veil quite rent,
The cloven Rocks, nor riſen Saints then ſent,
Could e'er perſuade thoſe miſ-believing men
T'avoid thoſe miſeries befell them then:
Yet we, more fooliſh and more blind than they,
Anew do crucifie him ev'ry day.
Our high contempts do aggravate our ſin,
'Cauſe we believe the glory he is in.
To us his Reſurrection has reveal'd,
What his Humanity from them conceal'd.
VVhat yearly tribute ſhould we Chriſtians pay,
VVhat Sacrifice will beſt become this Day,
On which the *Lord of Life* was then content
To dignifie an earthly monument!
May we rejoice to find our ſelves ſet free
From all the guilt of paſt impiety?
Or, muſt we bluſh at our own Crimes, for ſhame
To ſee Chriſt feel the pains due to our blame?

Both;

Both; we muſt do both: eyes diſſolv'd in tears
Muſt raiſe our grief, muſt waſh away our fears.
And yet our frighted ſouls may juſtly bring
Joys mix'd with ſorrows, for his ſuffering.

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## *On Eaſter-Day.*

LOok, look, rejoice and wonder! ſee, O ſee!
The Lord is riſen! by whoſe Spirit we
Muſt riſe and find our ſouls, more int'reſt have
In this his Reſurrection than his Grave.
Though we attend at *Golgotha*, there fall
With our High-Prieſt, who was *Aaronical*;
On this Day let new Vows our Hearts new deck,
That we may riſe with our *Melchiſedeck*;
Whoſe Bleſſing ſhews that we more int'reſt have
In this his Reſurrection than his Grave.

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## *On the Lord's Supper on Eaſter-Day.*

THe *Table* is prepar'd, the King attends,
His Gueſts come ſlowly in, yet ſtill he ſends
Ambaſſadours abroad, to ſummon all,
And chide in ſuch as come not at firſt call.
Strange Kindneſs! that we duſt and aſhes are,
So much his buſineſs, and ſo much his care,
That nothing leſs than his own Fleſh and Blood,
Shall this day be to us myſterious Food.
Haſte then, and put thy wedding garment on,
This is the Bridegroom's Coronation;
And thou, my ſoul, envited art, to be
VVaſh'd from all ſtains, and cloath'd with purity.
A bleſſed Feaſt, and higheſt honour this,
Each worthy gueſt to God invited is;

And

And ev'ry heart that heretofore was Hell,
Will now turn Paradiſe, where God will dwell.
Thus, thus we may a prepoſſeſſion take
Of Heav'n and God, who only for our ſake
Came down from Heav'n, that he himſelf might be
The guide and way to our felicity.

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*On the Fear of Death.*

WHy doſt thou ſhrink, my ſoul, what terrour ſee,
To cauſe ſuch high impiety,
That thus from age to age thou would'ſt endure?
Pray'ſt thou for this, for ſuch a Cure,
As may more time in Vanity miſ-ſpend?
To what doth this averſeneſs tend,
That thus thou ſtill enamour'd art
Of thy diſeaſe and ſmart?
Or do'ſt thou grudge the dirty grave
Should thy dead Carcaſe have?

This Giant Death, which hath ſo long controll'd
The VVorld, ſubmits unto the bold;
His threatning dart, nor point nor ſharpneſs hath
To men of piety and faith.
Thou know'ſt all this, my ſoul, yet ſtill doſt cry;
Thou wouldſt not die, and know'ſt not why.
If thou be'ſt frighted by a Name,
Then thou art much to blame,
And poorly weak, if terrour-ſtruck,
By a fantaſtick look.

Women and Children teach thee a diſdain,
To fear the paſſage, or the pain:
The ancient Heathens courted Death, to be
Remembred by Poſterity:

And

And shall those Heathens then more Courage show,
Than thou that dost thy Maker know?
The misbelieving Christian may
Shake at his latter day;
Till then not mindful of his sin,
Nor the danger he is in.

But thou that hast convers'd with God and Death,
In Speculation, shall thy Breath
Unwillingly expire, into his hand,
That comes to fetch it by Command.
From God that made thee, art thou loth to be
Possess'd of thy Felicity,
Because thy Guide looks pale, and must
Convey thy flesh to dust?
Though that to worms converted be,
What is all this to thee?

Thou shalt not feel Death's sting, but instant have
Full joys and triumph o'er the Grave,
Where thy long-lov'd Companion Flesh shall rest,
Until it be refin'd, new drest
For thy next wearing, in that holy place,
That Heav'n, where thou shalt face to face,
With Saints and Angels daily see
Thy God, and ever be
Repleniſh'd with celestial Bliss.
Oh my Soul, think on this.

## *On God's wondrous Works.*

GReat are the works of God, and wonders all
The first we hear of we do *Chaos* call;
But in the Scripture it is no-where said,
How, or of what, *Chaos* it self was made;
We only know from that confused Name,
That lump of something, Nothing, all things came.
Great and good was the work of the first hour,
'Cause *Chaos* then had no resisting power;
All things did naturally then submit
Without dispute, to what our God thought fit,
Till man was made, the Prince of all the rest,
And Free-will given, which taught him to contest
With his Creator, and resist his hand,
Whose word alone does Heav'n and Earth command.
To shew us greater wonders yet behind,
Miracles of a more transcendent kind;
Our Saviour's Birth, and Resurrection,
Pre-design'd by God for man's redemption!
'Tis strange to think, and wonderful to see,
That man to God so great concern should be!
Whose heart is full of high antipathy
To his Commands; fierce to Impiety.
By nature crost, by industry so fram'd,
That by it self it never can be tam'd;
Which most accurs'd, resisting quality,
Only belongs to its carnality.
So that God's greatest work, we may conclude,
Is when man's heart by grace is so subdu'd,
That all its appetites converted be
From its own nature, unto purity
Of life towards God, which justly may be thought
The highest Miracle that e'er was wrought.

## *To the Repiner.*

DOst thou repine, vain man, 'cause thou art born
Subject to pains, to scandals, and to scorn,
When Christ himself, in all perfection made,
Felt more than thou, and was himself betray'd?
Alas, poor wretched, miserable thing,
That must be dust! suppose thou wert sole King
Of all this Earth, and didst the World controul,
What would it signifie, if thy own Soul
This minute may
Be ta'en away.
When that sad hour shall come, what horrours then
Possess the hearts of such wise worldly men?
As present joys do seek, and ne'er pretend
To Heav'n, until it be too late to mend;
Till sudden death their joys surprize, and Fear
In high amazement doth unmask'd appear;
Then those Repiners will want a pretence
To Courage, and their frighted Souls fly hence,
As men were made
To be afraid.
Thus the Repiners do create their shame,
While those inspir'd with a bright Christian flame,
Humbly submit to all from Heaven sent,
Are thankful, and most happily content,
When the Divine Hand does remove those toys,
Which the Repiner counts his only joys.
But if the holy Spirit do thy heart
Possess, there dwell, thou truly happy art,
Can'st not repine,
While God is thine.

## *On loſt Time.*

IT is our Buſineſs every day
To paſs the time we cannot ſtay:
This minute's mine, but it is gone,
Paſt call, while it is thinking on.
'Tis pleaſant, and we think it fine,
To ſpend our time on a deſign
To get ſome honour, and encreaſe
Our wealth, till the hour of our deceaſe,
Not uſing what we do poſſeſs,
In hopes to gain more happineſs.
Thus for ſome nothing, or a toy,
We loſe the time we might enjoy:
So that indeed we do believe,
And only dream that we do live.
To be thus vain, and thus profuſe
Of Time, admits of no excuſe,
While our deſires do ſtill make room
For ſome new pleaſure that's to come,
Wiſhing more wings to Time for haſte,
Not thinking how our ſelves do waſte,
How much we loſe, how little gain,
When we our wiſhes do obtain,
Till age and our experience, brings
Our Souls to long for heavenly things;
Which is the ſure and only way
To call Time ours, make it obey
Our Wiſhes, and in ſome degree
May join Time to Eternity.

### *A Good Conſcience is a continual Feaſt.*

THo' Fleſh and Blood be ſo imperfect made,
That we muſt ſin, yet be not thou afraid;
For a pure Heart, with the Soul that's reſign'd
To God, does Pardon and Protection find.
When our whole Hearts endeavour to do all
That God commands, then that endeavour ſhall
Accepted be; if it endure the Teſt,
Grace will encreaſe, and we are ſurely bleſs'd.
Who ever does attain to this degree
Of Faith, will be ſo fill'd with Piety,
That neither pains nor loſſes can annoy;
It will convert all ſorrows into joy.
A heart thus ſet, and firmly fix'd, muſt needs
Produce delicious Fruits; ſuch holy Seeds
Bring forth ſuch heavenly Thoughts, in Souls refin'd,
That every minute does new feaſt the mind
With pious ſtrivings, which do raiſe the ſtate
Of humble hearts, and Grace on Grace create,
Till we get intereſt in God, and then
Converſe with Angels, as before with Men.
And thus our high-grown Fancies will behold
Pleaſures too great, too glorious to be told.

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### *On Temptation.*

TEmptation rightly ſcann'd and underſtood,
Is certainly ordain'd to do us good;
To ſhew that our frail nature ever needs
Our prayers for Grace, to juſtifie our deeds.

Never to be tempted, leaves no trial
To meaſure Vertue by: Self-denial

Is the ſcale; 'tis no merit to forbear
To do the things for which we do not care.

To be tempted is no crime; but to yield
Unto temptation, and to quit the field
To a known Enemy, is worthy blame,
When our reſiſtance would the Tempter ſhame.

Still to be tempted by ſome high delight,
And piouſly reſiſt that appetite,
Does exerciſe our Faith; 'tis the only way
T'expreſs our Love, and ſhew that we obey.

To be tempted, Honour is, if we do
Forbear to act, and quit the object too:
Such skirmiſhes will much advantage gain,
Till we a perfect Victory obtain.

To be tempted is a bliſs, if we find
Sufficient Grace to ſatisfie the mind;
For when we make our maſter-ſin our ſlave,
We joy in Life, and triumph o'er the Grave.

To be tempted unawares by a thought,
Or a wiſh, it is nature, and no fault:
If Grace does nip the bud of our deſires,
Cuſtom in time will teach to quench thoſe fires.

To maſter all temptation, is a ſign
That we have ſomething in us more divine
Than Nature can afford; by which we know
God's Spirit does ſuch Victories beſtow.

## *To be Regenerate.*

TO be regenerate, to be new-born,
We rise like the clear Sun in a fair morn,
After a dismal night of rain and winds;
For such are our tempestuous, wicked minds,
Full fraught with terrours, darkness and dismay,
While sin doth reign, and satan bears the sway.

To be regenerate, is to put on
The bright raiment of the Resurrection.
The hardest Lesson that was ever taught,
The greatest Miracle that e'er was wrought,
Was *Paul*'s Conversion, and *Manasseh*'s Crimes
Forgiven (the hope and wonder of all times.)

To be regenerate, does put our God
Unto a double task; his Grace and Rod
Are both employ'd; for he must first subdue
The old man's crimes, ere he can frame a new.
It was Christ's highest business to convert
Our stubborn hearts, who labour to pervert
The benefit of his most precious Blood,
So freely shed, so little understood!

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## *How to overcome Temptations by Meditation.*

WHen Satan does our fickle hearts assault
With pleasing Objects that do cause revolt
From God, with subtile arts he does surprize,
Before we can discover his disguise.
He has as many advocates within,
As we have appetites to plead for sin.

How

How ſhall we then avoid to be his prey,
When thus we do our ſelves, our ſelves betray?
'Tis dangerous to treat, unſafe to fight
With foes at home (the Enemy in ſight:)
So that our only ſafety's to retreat,
Send up our Souls unto the Mercy-ſeat
Of God; there fly for ſuccour, and there dwell
Out of the reach of all the powers of hell;
There Satan cannot come, dares not moleſt
That Soul, where Chriſt doth claim an intereſt.
When thus our God's engaged to defend,
Wiſe Satan will not offer to contend;
He does our weakneſs, and his Own Strength know.
When our vain hearts and we do dwell below,
Unſenſible of thoſe eternal joys,
Do entertain our ſelves with earthly toys,
Then is his time to dazle our weak eyes,
And win our hearts with glitt'ring vanities.
But if we love not this Captivity,
We muſt contemplate our eternity.
Tho' fleſh be a dull lump that cannot fly,
Our thoughts have nimble wings to pierce the ſky.
Riſe upward then, my Soul, till thou obtain
The higheſt pitch of Faith, which will ſuſtain
Thy love to God, and bring thee by degrees
To taſte and reliſh Heav'n's felicities.
A pious fancy rais'd by faith will reach
Some glimpſe of glory, and in time will teach
Thee to converſe with Angels, and to know
Their glorious Manſions (while I dwell below;)
Thou may'ſt of Bliſs a prepoſſeſſion take,
Till both do Heaven our habitation make.
And thus thy unity with Chriſt diſcern
The only Comfort, and the high Concern.
When thou art full of theſe great joys above
And doſt return, this eccſtaſie of love

Will bring our God along; and we ſhall here
The ſame Heav'n have, as if we both were there.
For Souls with ſuch Divinity poſſeſs'd,
In ſpight of all temptations muſt be bleſs'd.
And thou, my Soul, by this celeſtial art
Wilt ſoon ſpiritualize my fleſhy heart:
Such antepaſts of Bliſs will raiſe deſire,
From ſmoaking flax unto a flaming fire;
Which will my truſt confirm, my hope aſſure,
And will unto eternity endure.
Then Satan will on his own Envy feed,
And we ſhall gain a Victory indeed.

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## *Quæries.*

HAſt thou forſak'n thy known ſins that were
Juſt arguments for all thy doubts and fear?
Do Goſpel-Graces in thy heart now grow,
Where various Vanities did overflow?
Can'ſt thou o'ercome thy ſelf, the World ſubdue?
*Cæſar* was a leſs Conquerour than you.
Do'ſt thou love and fear thy God, do'ſt thou dread
To do amiſs, and truſt in Chriſt thy Head?
Is the Reſurrection thy firm belief?
Does it equal the crucified Thief?
Do'ſt thou think Heav'n, in all its Beauty, ſhines
Brighter than Diamonds from our earthly Mines?
Do'ſt thou fanſie what that great glory is,
That fills the Saints with everlaſting Bliſs?
Do'ſt thou believe thy ſelf ſhall have a ſhare
In Paradiſe, as an adopted Heir?
I do not doubt but thou wilt now, ſay Aye
To all thoſe *Quæries* of thy Piety.
There is yet one behind, put to the teſt,
Will try the intrinſick value of the reſt:

Do'ſt

Do'ſt thou deſire to be diſſolv'd, to be
With Chriſt, new-cloath'd with his Divinity?
The object of thy Faith and Prayers poſſeſs,
Which frees from ills, and fills with happineſs?
If the approach of death does make thee ſtart,
Examin't well, thou art not right at heart:
It is the buſineſs of our life to die,
And to fear death is infidelity
In ſome degree, or madneſs to deſire
To be in Heav'n, that do'ſt from Heav'n retire.
To this ſome pious Chriſtian may reply,
How can we chuſe but be afraid to die,
When Chriſt, the head of our Humanity,
Sweat drops of Blood in his great agony?
But his Paſſion differ'd from the ſmall pain
We feel; he did the wrath of God ſuſtain;
And on himſelf he all the torments drew,
Which for the ſins of all the world were due;
And by that act alone, deſtroy'd the ſting
Of death, that ſo he might more eas'ly bring
Mankind to Heav'n, leaving us no pretence
To fear the paſſage, but our diffidence
In the ſucceſs. We either doubt the bliſs,
Or doubt that we the happineſs ſhall miſs.
Young Babes, who neither fear nor fancy have,
Like equally the Cradle and the Grave.

### *A Pious Man fears no Danger.*

DOth ſickneſs, poverty, and ſhame, unite
Their forces, and together 'gainſt thee fight?
Do griefs abound, do evil tongues defame
Thy honeſt actions, and aſperſe thy name
With Lyes? Art thou from honour tumbled down,
And doſt now plow the Seas for new renown,
Where the loud winds do make high waves to rage,
Till they create a ſtorm, which does engage
Thy ſhip 'mongſt rocks, that in the bottom lie,
And the next moment toſs thee to the ſky;
Where thunder, with fierce lightnings, do conſpire
To lick thee up into a flaming fire;
As if the Heavens did with the Seas conteſt,
Which of their power could moſt diſturb thy reſt?
Or haſt thou 'ſcap'd the ſtorm, and now on ſhore,
Do'ſt meet with greater terrours than before?
Do the Mountains move, and great Cities ſhake?
Does the Earth open, and a paſſage make
Unto the dark Centre, as if the world
Should once again be into *Chaos* hurl'd,
And all the joys and glories thou haſt ſeen
Be quite forgot, as if they'd never been?
Would'ſt thou be free from ſuch Calamities
As theſe, trample on dangers and deſpiſe
The terrours of the world? Thou muſt then ſtand
Under his wings, that does the world command;
There fix thy heart and hopes, and thou wilt find
Contentment for thy Body and thy mind.
There's no ſafety nor joy to be compar'd
To Piety, nor peace like hearts prepar'd
For Heav'n. We muſt live ſo, that when we die,
We may account that change felicity.

*The*

## *The Power of Faith.*

'Tis but a weak expreſſion of our Faith,
Our Love and Gratitude to Chriſt, who hath
By his Death freed us from eternal fires,
If we do only bridle our deſires.
It is not zeal enough that we refrain
Our petty appetites, and do conſtrain
Our fancies, and affections to retire
From acts of momentary high deſire.
Nor is it yet enough to be content
With frequent loſſes, as a puniſhment
For our paſt crimes; we ſhould our thoughts inure
To pains; our hearts and bodies muſt endure
Something beyond eaſie ſelf-denials,
And be armed for ſuch fiery trials,
As the firſt Martyrs felt: If God command
The Grid-iron, or the Rack, we muſt not ſtand
Amaz'd; he can enable us to ſuſtain
The torments of ſuch deaths, and ſlight the pain;
His Power is ſtill to us the ſame, ſo we
As great faith have, and ſuch-like piety,
To love and ſerve our God, as much as they
In thoſe days did, no terrours can diſmay:
For where the holy Spirit does prevail,
It is not poſſible that ſtrength ſhould fail.
If we have faith enough, there is no doubt
But we may walk on fire, and tread it out.

### *An Ejaculation.*

LOrd, I have done what lies in me,
The work does now belong to thee;
I have resign'd my heart,
'Tis thine, who only art
Able to keep what is thy own;
Which I cannot, if left alone;
But shall fall back again,
And merit thy disdain.
It is thy pleasure, and thy will,
I should depend upon thee still,
And never dare to trust
The frailty of my dust,
Which by nature does incline
To be more earthly than divine.
Thus I can only stand,
Supported by thy hand.

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### *On Prayer.*

THe Lord regards not words, we may
Be silent, and yet pray:
'Tis the intention of the heart,
That doth our zeal impart.
Tho' vocal prayers be daily us'd,
Our sighs are not refus'd;
And our good deeds for prayers do go,
'Cause God esteems them so.
Our Charity and Mercy shown,
Will plead our Cause alone:
Such acts of our obedience,
Is the best eloquence.

And does in Heav'n gain more regard,
For pardon and reward,
Than a whole age was ever known
To get by words alone.
Our alms do double uſe obtain,
And multiply our gain;
When penitence does plead for ſin,
And gratitude ſteps in,
Acknowledging the grace we have,
Muſt raiſe us from the grave,
And put us in a decent frame
To call upon God's Name;
Theſe practick Prayers will do the deed,
And help us at our need;
Much better than a ſtory told
In language rude and bold;
Such as raſh fancies do throw out,
From wants, from fears, or doubt
Of our Condition, which may be
Words without modeſty.
When pious works fail not to bring
Us Bleſſings from the King
Of Heaven, the Searcher of our hearts,
Beyond the reach of arts
In language, by him all diſguis'd
Formalities deſpis'd,
And the poor holy ignorant,
Will ſooner get a grant
Of his deſire, than thou or I,
With all our Orat'ry.
When our good works and words agree,
They both accepted be.

*On Charity.*

WHen we hear a poor Beggar cry
For food, how can we him deny!
Or if some raiment he do need,
Are we not bound to cloath and feed
Our Christian Brother in distress,
When Charity is blessedness?
Yet Charity does not consist
In alms alone, we must assist
Our friends with Counsel, if need be,
To lead them unto Piety;
And by our own example show,
That we the way to God do know.
Oh! 'tis an acceptable thing,
When we can Souls to Heaven bring;
For though Men can no merit have,
They near it come that Souls do save.

*On Discontent for Poverty.*

HAst thou thy Fortunes lost, and now,
Poor Man, do'st live thou know'st not how?
And art so much bereav'd of sense,
As not to see God's Providence,
That thus without thy loss or care,
Provides thee of all necessary fare?
Why art thou then so discontent,
To call this Plenty, Punishment?
It is not well to make such moan,
'Cause all thou seest is not thy own?
Thy heart is earthly, and thy mind
Will neither peace nor comfort find.

Though

Though the whole World thou didſt enjoy,
Something would ſtill thy heart annoy.
Did'ſt ever yet ſee any thing
Did thy expected Pleaſure bring?
Or did'ſt thou ever any-where,
Once find the Joys thou look'ſt for there?
But now methinks I hear thee cry,
Thou griev'ſt for thy Poſterity,
While thou do'ſt doubt the ſame great hand,
That does the Heaven and Earth Command,
Should leſs provide for them than thee:
All this is great Impiety.

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*On Mercy.*

IT is or ought to be, while we do live,
Our Prayers to be forgiv'n, as we forgive;
Yet I do fear that moſt of us offend
This way too oft, what e'er we do pretend.

For I have known ſome Men ſo full of rage,
When a ſlight injury did them engage,
That neither ſleep nor food could do them good,
While their unlawful Vengeance was withſtood.

Others there are more mild, will only try
Whether they can ſubdue their Enemy;
And if that fail, they will not then refuſe
To take ſubmiſſion, 'cauſe they cannot chuſe.

And ſome will ſeem as if they did not ſee,
Nor underſtood a down-right Injury,
But will fierce Malice in their hearts retain,
Until they can return it back again.

And ſome do higheſt wrongs receive, and beat
Them patiently with ſmiles, becauſe they dare
No other do, unleſs to make it worſe,
In private they do whiſper out a Curſe.

Some too there be ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
All offer'd wrongs do ſeemingly deſpiſe;
But their whole lives will ſtudy how they may
Return the injury the ſafeſt way.

And ſome will make their adverſary know
His errour and their power, and then will ſhow
Such Mercy, as himſelf may boaſt, and be
(If rightly underſtood) an injury.

And ſome ſo ſweet and gentle are, they ſtill
Remit all injuries to God, who will
(They hope) in his good time the quarrel take;
And of their Foes ſome ſad example make.

Too few there be who rightly underſtand
The weight and ſcope of this ſo great command,
This prime Chriſtian Duty, ſo much admir'd
By heathens, and ſo much to be deſir'd.

Some good men there are, who know Mercy is
God's higheſt Attribute, and they in this
Come near unto his own Divinity,
When freely they forgive an injury.

We ſhould do good for evil, love and pray
For thoſe bad men that wrong us ev'ry day
In friends or fortune, life, or our good name;
'Tis our Religion to forgive the ſame.

Lord,

Lord; turn the hearts, and open wide the eyes
Of those mistaken men (our enemies)
Who wrong themselves, and let them timely see
How much they anger thee, and hurt not me.

---

*On Despair.*

AMongst Satan's chief Magazine of Arms,
To fight against men's Souls none does such (harms;
As those despairs which he in clouds lets fly
At faithless men; when we draw near to die.
He treats our Youth at first with such delights,
As do for most part please men's appetites;
With lusts, with gluttony, and avarice,
Or what will more our eyes and hearts entice
To follow him into his hidden snares,
Where once engag'd, he leads us to despairs,
And throws such mists before our dazled eyes,
We cannot find our selves in his surprize;
But do run on in pleasures, and rejoice,
Mistaking his deceits for our own choice;
And so applaud our wits for our success
In sin, and do admire our activeness;
And ne'er discern this subtile Agent stand,
With all his wicked Instruments at hand,
Ready and glad to be employ'd, while we
Make haste to Hell by our impiety,
Till youth and vigour with its power decrease,
And cause our evil appetites to cease
From wicked acts; yet he'll not give us o'er,
Nor quit us so! He has new sins in store:
When wrinkled age adorns us with gray hairs,
He terrifies our hearts with high despairs;

Shews us the ills that we have done, too great
For pardon are, and now too late to treat
With Heav'n; having resign'd our selves to Hell,
No holy Charm can e'er dissolve that Spell;
And dictates thus to our affrighted sense,
Repentance cannot balance our offence,
Who have so many years our God refus'd,
So many ways his Laws and Grace abus'd,
That in his Justice he can ne'er forgive
Our Crimes: Thus he torments us whil'st we live.
When flattering objects fail, he thus presents
Our fancies with despairing arguments,
That we must never hope to see God's face,
'Cause we have sinn'd beyond the reach of Grace,
Out-gone the merit of Christ's Blood, and have
Done things beyond the power of God to save.
Thus by degrees he leads us to despair,
Never to hope for better than we are;
And thus by doubting God's Omnipotence,
To aggravate his wrath and our offence;
Unless our great and glorious God do please
To free us from this Devil, and this Disease,
So deadly to our Souls, and let us see
We may be yet redeem'd by Piety,
If we get Grace to pray, and to repent,
With constant fervent zeal and full intent
For ever to forsake, and truly hate
Those horrid Sins we doted on of late.
If we get faith to love and serve God thus,
No doubt he doth already pity us,
And will in time forgive; there's no dispute
But *Mercy* is God's highest Attribute;
Severe in Justice, yet of Grace not scant,
When chief of Sinners was the greatest Saint.

*Our Reason must unto our Faith submit.*

LOrd, I have search'd my heart, but do still doubt
It is not pure enough, nor clean throughout,
Nor can be, till the Holy Ghost comes in,
And do assist in casting out of sin;
That so he may possessed take for thee,
And I may hold my heart in Fealty,
To pay my God a thousand Thanks a day,
While thus thy Holy Spirit doth bear sway.
O Holy Ghost! when thou art once possess'd,
I shall not dare disturb so blest a Guest
With a vile act, or a vain thought that may
Lessen my Bliss, and drive my God away.
Thy presence will my wavering heart direct
To Heaven, and will from Enemies protect
My Soul and me, while thou art my defence.
Who dares contest with thy Omnipotence!
So clean'd, and so inform'd, I shall soon learn
To worship thee aright, and shall discern
The Mystery of Faith; my Reason teach
How to submit to what it cannot reach.
Faith shall take place, my Fancy shall retire;
And I will be contented to admire
The mighty Secrets of thy glorious Throne,
Which thou reserv'st unto thy self alone.
Lord, tho' my heart can never understand
The manner nor the motion of thy hand,
Nor all my Zeal and Fancy raise a thought
To comprehend thy Essence as I ought:
I can persuade my Reason to give way
Unto my Faith; for if thy Gospel say
'Tis so, it is enough; I do believe,
Tho' wonder how a Virgin did conceive;

And bring a Son who was both God and Man;
And do not doubt thy holy Spirit can
Dwell in my heart, and teach me to prevent
Doubting that Christ is in the Sacrament,
Or searching of thy high Divinity,
How the Godhead becomes a Trinity.
I can see thee now in the Creation,
Full as great as in the Resurrection:
Though I know not how all these come to pass,
Thy Word says so it is, and so it was;
And I believe't; while thou art mine, my Faith
No curiosity nor doubting hath.

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## *To the Ambitious, Envious Man.*

DOes that Man's honour and his wealth abound?
Is his felicity sufficient ground
For thee to envy what he does possess,
When thou dost feel no want, though thine be less?
Such envy dwells not in a noble heart:
Yet I will teach thee a mysterious art
Shall make ambition, and thy envy swell
As high as *Heaven*, and yet thou shalt do well.
Thou want'st not understanding, nor a wit,
But want'st the will and grace to manage it.
Let the dull Clown still multiply his Cows,
And make't his business to enlarge his Mows;
The wary Merchant traffick on the Seas,
The Souldier kill as many as he please;
The Usurer injoy his full-stuff'd Bags,
And the gay Courtier boast his golden Rags;
And greatest Lords to highest Titles born,
Search all the World, they never can adorn

Them-

Themſelves with wealth, or glories that ſhall laſt
Unto eternity. Then do not waſte
Thy life on trifles, let thy envy riſe;
Do thou conteſt with thoſe that Heav'n do prize,
With all that do pretend a better right
Than thou, to be God's greateſt Favourite.
'Tis a noble and a brave Religion,
That allows thy envy and ambition,
To trample on the World in ſpight of fate,
Until thy forehead knock at Heaven Gate.

---

*To the Luxurious Man.*

ARe thy brave Statues, Pictures, Jewels, Plate,
Which coſt ſo many thouſand pounds of late,
Deſtroy'd? Is thy vaſt Building, with thy Land,
Torn from thee by ſome unjuſt powerful hand?
And doſt thou ſit computing the great coſt
Of all thy Pleaſures, and this Treaſure loſt,
With a half broken heart, and doſt not ſee
All this is to deface thy Luxury,
Which did thy Soul beſot? Till theſe were gone,
Thou hadſt no leiſure time to think upon
Thy God, who thus in Mercy and in Love,
Doth that calamity from thee remove,
That thy free heart may only Him adore,
And ſo be richer than thou wert before.
If Heaven and Earth be God's, and he be thine,
Thou ought'it to thank him rather than repine;
Then will thy long-ſick Soul recover health,
And thou poſſeſs an everlaſting wealth;
Free from the Cares and Fears that daily hap
To Men that ſeek their Bliſs in Fortune's lap.

*Love thy Neighbour as thy self.*

IT is a prime and great Commandment,
To Love our Neighbour as our selves. God (meant
Us happiness on Earth, that did impose
Severest Laws, to make us love our Foes;
Including that our Friendships would not need
A Law, when hearts in unity agreed.
But we that still his Will prevaricate,
Do change this pleasant Precept into hate.
Throughout the World the daily Mischiefs show,
That Neighbourhood but little love do know.
We see the best of Men do often do
What they themselves would not be done unto.
And few of us there be that do believe
Our plenty should our Neighbour's wants relieve.
How few the sick do visit, or endure
The smallest Charges for a poor Man's Cure!
And yet we hope our God our selves will bless,
Who neither Love nor Charity express.
To love our Neighbour as we ought, would be
'Mongst Men, angelical Felicity.

My

*My Yoke is easie, and my Burthen light.*

JESUS Christ, the great Pattern of our Lives,
Does bid us follow him, and loves who strives
To imitate him most; for he that can
But near him come, will be a blessed Man.
'Tis not commanded, nor expected is,
That our own righteousness should equal His;
Our God from us doth nothing more require
Than our utmost endeavours and desire
To do his Will: He only calls us to,
What he does give us Grace and power to do.
He wills us to believe, obey, and love;
But does not give us mountains to remove.
His yoke is easie, and his Burthen light;
We make of Mole-hills Mountains in our sight.

---

*To a strong young Man.*

THou'rt young, 'tis true, and strong & mayest yet
Live many years; but do not thou forget,
That young and healthy People often die,
By various accidents, as suddenly
As old; nor yet expect that death must bring
A Fever, to fore-shew thou art dying,
When death with thee divides this minute's breath;
Though we call the last act of dying, death;
Because we then do cease to die no more,
When we are dying all our lives before.
Thy youth, and my gray head now dying are;
Thou need'st no other Summons to prepare

For Heaven; but observation every day,
What multitudes of young men drop away.
Only the old Man's Dream is almost gone,
The young Man's Dream, but newly is begun.
The longest is like twinkling of an eye,
Moments compar'd unto eternity.

---

## *On Hypocrisie.*

HE errs that owns his Crimes in the World's sight,
To avoid being thought an hypocrite:
We are not bound our frailties to reveal,
But may our shame with modesty conceal,
Rather than aggravate our sins 'gainst God,
By boasting that we do contemn his Rod.
But he that does a feigned Zeal put on
To cloak his sins, doth scorn Religion.
And does not only with his base intents
Contemn Obedience to Commandments;
But does that way design his God should shroud
His wickedness under a holy cloud,
And does God's Goodness mock, thus to presume
Rudely to move his anger to consume
Such mad-men as do his known power despise,
By daring to affront him in disguise;
Who thinks a Vizard on his face can hide
His heart; God does such hypocrites deride,
And will in fury smite so bold offence,
As undervalues his Omnipotence.

## To GOD.

WHen I look back on my paſt life, the ills
That I have done my heart with horrour fills;
And does amaze my frighted Soul to ſee
Thy Judgments due to ſuch impiety.
But ſince thy Mercy hath ſo long forborn
To ſmite, and thou art pleas'd at laſt to turn
My heart to Heaven, when I was running on,
Heaping ſins on ſins, to my perdition,
I bleſs thy Name that would not let me go
To *Hell*, nor ſuffer me to periſh ſo.
This Grace gives hope, and does my Faith encreaſe
To Confidence, that thou wilt now releaſe
Me from the puniſhments, and from the ſhame
Due to my Crimes, and make me love thy Name.
It is thy own great Work, the honour's thine;
I cannot own a vertuous thought for mine.
Shall I then fear to raiſe my thoughts to thee,
When thou doſt fill my heart with Piety!
When my aſſurance is thy gift, I may
Approach thy glorious Throne, and humbly ſay,
Thy Grace hath ſuch a Confidence begot,
As cannot be in one that loves thee not.
Lord, let this love encreaſe, let it endure
Unto my end; make my Election ſure,
That I may feaſt my Soul with thoughts of thee
My God, the Fountain of Felicity:
Thus fill'd with Grace, and by thy Spirit led,
I ſhall for ever live, when I am dead;
And with true courage, when I come to die,
Shall gladly paſs to my eternity.

*On a bold, profane Sinner.*

WE may well fear great Judgments in our times,
That dare to boast and glory in our Crimes:
To sin, is humane frailty; but to slight
Religion, and to make't our chief delight
To show how we can triumph in the act
Of ev'ry sin, does aggravate the fact,
And make us worse than Heathens heretofore,
Who never scorn'd those Gods they did adore.
But Christians now do take the liberty
To own no Joy, but in the infamy
Of their worst deeds; and do a War proclaim
With *Heaven*, as if they could their God defame.
The Giants war (by Poets feign'd) came short
Of those, who use Devotion as a Sport;
And rally on their Priests, who stories tell,
To awe the ignorant with *Heaven* and Hell;
While Wit and Courage do disdain to be
Frighted from Pleasure, by such Foppery.
Thus some gay Gallants of our age do treat
Their God, as if his Precepts were a cheat,
To make us live in fear, and trembling die
With idle Dreams of an Eternity.
If these Opinions, like Contagions, spread,
God may in rigour strike the Nation dead;
Then sow the Land with Dragons teeth; fit seed
For soil, that does such monstrous people breed.

## On Eternal Life.

NO sooner born than we begin to die,
By Nature taught to cry we know not why
Till riper years do teach us wicked arts,
To cozen and betray our wanton hearts;
That boldly dare our great Creator brave,
By sinning from our Cradle to our Grave:
Sad fate for Souls, thus destin'd to obey
The various Vices of corrupted Clay!
Involv'd in dangers that we do not fear,
Because the certain ruine seems not near,
Till some diviner light our hearts inform,
How to sail safe in this devouring storm.
Bless'd be that light, which does from terrour free,
And make us Victors in Captivity:
For Souls by Grace enlarg'd, will quickly taste
Such Joys, as no Eternity can waste.
Thus born to live, and yet ordain'd to die,
And live again, is such a mystery,
As only Faith can reach, and shew us how
To out-live Death, by pious living now,
Which will a prepossession take of Bliss.
And such angelical transports as this,
Will such a bless'd celestial Courage give,
We shall be glad to die, that we may live.

### *On Valour and Fear.*

*Valour* miſtaken through the World we ſee,
When raſhneſs looks like Magnanimity;
When ſenſeleſs Drunkards, vap'ring in the Street
For want of Courage, quarrel all they meet;
When practiſed danger brings the meaneſt Clown
To vie with *Alexander* for Renown;
When ſhame will fear remove, and money hire
The ſcum of Men to face the Cannon's fire;
We muſt ſome other Rules for Valour find,
That grows from Vertues of a higher kind.
These Men do not know why
They do not fear to die.

Experience ſhews, the Valiant and the Wiſe
May ſtart at the firſt glimpſe of a ſurpriſe,
And may avoid ſuch ſquabbles as will ſtain
Their Courage, and no jot of Credit gain.
High Valour and true Vertue brightly ſhine,
When they're aſſerted by a Cauſe Divine.
When King and Country, or thy Church wants aid,
'Tis baſeſt Cowardice to be afraid;
True Courage will endeavour to create
Safety to them, though ruine be their fate.
These are the Men know why
They do not fear to die.

*On Repentance.*

WHen *Adam* fell, GOD did a Curse disperse
On all Mankind throughout the Universe;
And on his Issue did Contagion spread,
Till *CHRIST* appear'd to bruise the Serpent's Head;
Then Penitence and Piety began
To be refin'd, and call'd relapsed Man,
By Rules and Christ's Example, to possess
Heaven, with his united happiness.
So that repenting sinners Heaven must fill,
Because there's none on Earth but have done ill;
Though sighs and tears may a good Prologue be
To introduce Repentance, yet we see
High Structures, on such thin Foundations built,
Have tumbled with much noise and greatest guilt.
So that to pray, and fervently desire
To be enlightned by celestial Fire,
How to forsake our sins, if not too late,
Denominates who is regenerate.

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*On Easter-Day.*

HOw Christ triumph'd o'er the Grave and *Hell*,
Is joy to think, tho' terrible to tell.
When Rods had made his sacred Body bleed,
And purple Robes did aggravate that Deed;
When *Pilate*, to consummate all his Scorns,
Adorn'd his Temples with a *Crown of Thorns*;
Hard were their hearts who did endure to see
Their Saviour bleeding, bound to set them free.

Those

Thoſe then who did his *Agonies* deride,
When they had pierc'd his feet, his hands and ſide,
Were of much harder metal made, more fit
For their deſcent into th'infernal Pit;
While dying Chriſt, by a diviner fate,
Gave *Heaven* to the repenting Reprobate;
To ſhew whom Faith and Penitence ſuſtain,
Will ſure a place in Paradiſe obtain.
Bleſs'd then were thoſe whoſe eyes were never dry;
After they ſaw their Lord and Saviour die;
Till ſearching in the Sepulchre, they find
That ſacred Body could not be confin'd
To Earth, which was declar'd before muſt riſe,
To chear their hearts, and dry their blubber'd eyes.
When the dull miſt of Nature was remov'd,
They ſaw and knew whom they ador'd and lov'd:
Surpriz'd with joy, tranſported with delight,
They trembling do approach his awful ſight;
Until enlightned they at laſt grow bold,
By recollecting what he had foretold;
Which fix'd their Faith, and by a joy'd Converſe,
He then his Reſurrection did rehearſe;
And by his Spirit made them underſtand,
And look for his *Aſcenſion* then at hand.
Thus fill'd with heavenly Wiſdom, they retir'd,
Well ſatisfied with what they moſt deſir'd:
And by their Records of theſe Truths do teach
Us by a lively Faith, how we may reach
The ſame aſſurance, and like Comforts find,
Unleſs we will be obſtinately blind.
If we can ſin ſubdue, this world deſpiſe,
This day we may with Chriſt to Heaven riſe.

### *On late Repentance.*

VAin Men, who do presume to live in sin,
Hoping to end as easie as begin;
When Custom and Time such habits do beget,
That easie Nature to our Wills submit,
And force our hardned hearts with them comply,
To glut our Senses till the hour we die;
As if one Moment were enough to gain
That Mercy we for many years disdain;
With all our power thus blindly running on
In high contests, to our confusion.

Thus heedlesly our Youth does bear the sway,
And middle age too willingly obey,
Still thinking as our Bodies do decay,
We may repent: But age will not give way
To quit his feeble appetites, grown bold
By Custom then, does scorn to be controul'd.
And when no active vigour does remain,
Delights to tell and think sins o'er again.
By such sad precedents we learn too late,
And march to *Hell* in a triumphant state.

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### *A Rapture.*

O Lord, thou seest the Secrets of my heart,
Beyond what sighs or tears, or words impart;
Yet I must daily worship and adore
Thy Name, too much neglected heretofore;
Now own, thou art the mighty *Lord of Hosts*,
One God, the Father, Son, and holy Ghost.

What

What Reason wants, we muſt by Faith ſupply;
For finite ne'er can reach infinity.
Thou lov'ſt a zealous heart, and doſt require
Our beſt endeavours, then grant'ſt our deſire,
When fervent Prayers the greateſt pleaſure brings;
In our addreſſes to the *King of Kings*.
And makes our joy in carnal appetites
Submit to higher and divine delights,
Which fire the heart, and make Devotion warm,
That inward works like a Seraphick Charm.
Lord, bleſs my age, that I may end my days
In a delightful Rapture of thy praiſe.

---

*On the Felicity of conſtant Health.*

THo' honour with renown and greateſt wealth
God's Bleſſings are, they can't conteſt with (health;
For happineſs, which is the root that brings
More pleaſure unto Beggars than to Kings;
When fits of Gout, Strangury, or the Stone,
Do all or any of them come alone.
Health makes us eat and drink, and ſleep at eaſe,
When wealth creates, but cures not a Diſeaſe.
What would not a daily ſick rich Man give,
To have a poor Man's health while he does live?
His Plate, his Jewels, with his Bags of Gold,
Will eaſe no pain, tho' all he has were ſold.
Which ſhews that all Mankind ſhould daily pray
For health, and not by wealth be led aſtray.
For there's no joy like a contented mind,
Tho' 'tis with poverty and health confin'd.

*On loſt Innocence.*

THo we cannot loſt Innocence re-call,
Repentance will preſerve from farther fall,
And Faith in Chriſt will then recover all:
So we by him ſhall Victory obtain,
And God by mercy will the Glory gain.
And thus by grace and favour of *God*'s love,
We may with joy triumph, all fears remove;
Which will our hearts revive, new hopes create,
And raiſe our Souls to our firſt bleſſed ſtate.
And thus from ſin by Chriſt's great Merit freed,
We may as God's adopted Sons proceed,
With Duty and Obedience to his Will,
Till he in Heaven does all our hope fulfil.

---

*To a young Man ſurpriz'd by Death.*

THo' Death has many ways to be diſguis'd,
We have as many not to be ſurpriz'd;
So that ſurprize is but a lame excuſe,
Which rather doubly trebbles the abuſe;
When we are plac'd by God upon the guard,
Who proffers life eternal for reward.
But thou, young Man, for pain may'ſt loudly groan,
Or is'ſt for grief to die thou mak'ſt ſuch moan?
If by the firſt thou do'ſt find any eaſe,
'Tis well; the ſecond adds to thy diſeaſe,
And by a great miſtake diſturbs thy heart,
With a falſe fancy that thou dying art.
Now thy beloved Carcaſe does decay,
Which ſhould unto thy Soul raiſe no diſmay:

But chear thy heart, and ſo enrich thy mind
With joyful thoughts of a diviner kind;
For when God calls for thy laſt puff of Breath,
He'll bring thee to eternal life, not death;
For ſo 'twill prove, and be more truly ſaid,
That thou begin'ſt to live when thou art dead.

---

## *The Dream of a reconciled Sinner.*

SOmething I ſaw, more glorious to behold
Than can (I now awake) by tongue be told;
Such glitt'ring rays, too glorious to impart,
When raptures flow in a Seraphick heart,
Which only can behold ſo bright a ſhine;
To teſtifie ſuch Dreams muſt be divine,
That comforts ſleeping Souls with ſuch delights,
As are ineffable to waking ſights.
Tho' God ſome ſecret Counſels doth conceal,
He may a glimpſe of Glory thus reveal,
To fix ſuch hearts as mercy does afford,
When Penitents are unto Grace reſtor'd;
To ſhow ſome bright *Ideas* of his Throne,
To ſuch adopted Sons as he will own.

---

## *On Happineſs.*

HAppy is he who can his Joys impart
Unto a truſty ſympathizing heart;
Happy is he whoſe griefs are only known
Unto himſelf, and to his God alone;
Happy is he can do his Neighbour good,
And have his goodneſs rightly underſtood;

Happy

Happy is he who by example can
Reduce a rigid, misbelieving Man;
Happy is he whoſe Vertue is ſo ſtrong,
That when he can, will not revenge a wrong.
Moſt happy he, who heartily can pray
For ſuch a Foe as doth his Friend betray.

---

*On Devotion.*

TRue *Devotion* is the ſupreameſt Good,
If rightly practis'd, when 'tis underſtood;
But thoſe enlightning Joys moſt Men do feel,
May prove much ſhort of a Seraphick Zeal.
Pure Piety is a great myſtery,
That puzzles our divine Philoſophy;
Inſpir'd by God's propitious fix'd Decrees,
Which humane Nature feels, but never ſees;
And yet doth conſecrate their lives deſire,
Who *God's* great *Attributes* do moſt admire;
And does thoſe ſecret Riddles ſo unfold,
That we may underſtand what we are told;
And then by higher Raptures, antedate
The heavenly Pleaſures of our future ſtate,
By ſacred Joys, that fill a righteous heart
With godly thoughts, too lofty to impart:
For no Man can angelick Fancies paint,
But he who is, or hopes to be a Saint.

*On relapſing into Sin.*

THo' Piety and Grace in hearts prevail,
Our Fancies and our Natures are ſo frail,
That ev'ry object of our old deſires,
Are ready to unkindle ſuch new fires,
That few good Men are found, who dare to ſay,
They really deſire to die this day.

---

*On Hope.*

WE work for wealth and honour while we live,
With all the Perquiſites that God can give;
We rack our Fancies, and diſturb our Brains,
We tire our Bodies, and take mighty pains;
When at the laſt our pamper'd Bodies muſt
Be eat by worms, and then return to duſt.
Here nothing we poſſeſs, but hope in time
To gain our peace and pardon for our Crime:
But then by Grace reſtor'd, and ſnatch'd from *Hell*,
We ſhall in bliſs and glory ever dwell.

*To my Friend, to juſtifie my Retirement.*

*SIR,*

I Do value your Friendſhip much, and take your Advice very friendly, To forſake my ſolitary Life, and to return unto the Converſation of my Friends; and this with very civil (though with very ſharp) Reflections on my Retirement, in the Opinion of the World (as you ſay;) as if ſome Diſcontent, or love to a lazie Life (rather than Devotion) had made me bury my ſelf alive (which my Age might very well excuſe at 88 Years) if I had no better Arguments to juſtifie my Repoſe this way. But now you ſhall have my Reaſons at large, which I did not think fit to declare in that Company, at that time. For,

When I conſidered how many Years I had lived in Idleneſs and Vanity, and ſuch Sins as were in faſhion with moſt Men of great Eſtates, with as full a ſwing as my wild Fancy could reach: In which kind of ſhort-liv'd, miſtaken Felicities, I found no real Satisfaction; but ſtill roving from worſe to worſe, it pleaſed God to induce me to think of *Heaven*, and how to get thither by a timely Repentance, in a Retirement from all worldly Delights, and all publick Concerns; but do not pretend to be an inſpir'd Quaker, nor a profeſs'd Hermit; though I do believe that both thoſe Callings may have pious Men, that do abhorr Hypocriſie in Devotion as much as I do, who think it to be the next greateſt Sin to that againſt the *Holy Ghoſt*.

Yet I must own, that my solitary Life is become so delightful, that my Bosom-Joys are much above all the Pleasures that I have formerly known, and largely shared in the Courts of Four great Kings; in which there might be many Saints (though I was none.) By which I judge, that those who live (as I then did) in the pomp and splendid Crowds of such great *Assemblies*, can seldom have the opportunity to delight in frequent Prayers, nor time to relish the deliciousness of such fervent *Addresses* unto *Heaven*, as my solitary hours afford me: So that such busie Men are not often refreshed with those daily Comforts, and secret spiritual Joys, as flow in Souls totally resign'd to God: For when God sees the Integrity of such Men's Hearts, as do value their Hopes of *Heaven* above all earthly Fruitions, he gives them a cheerful, hearty Devotion, to be their highest Felicity in this World, with great assurance of Glory in the next.

And whoever will try to live so much alone with God, will find such enlightning Comforts to his Soul, in frequent, fervent Prayers and Meditations, as will encrease his Joys until he go to *Heaven*; and all the way thither, will entertain his Heart with celestial Delights, so much above the Pleasure of this World, that they are ineffable to be described by words, or to be conceived, but by those who feel how much spiritual Joys, in a divine Conversation with God, does transcend all carnal Enjoyments, with as much elevated hopes of a prepossession of *Heaven*, as Men are capable of in this World.

Though I have read in a divine *Author*, That the Soul that is upon good grounds fully assured of its future Bliss, is already in *Heaven*, and has begun to take possession of Glory. If this be so (as I hope it *is*) our eternal Bliss begins and fixes here; which ought

ought to baffle the Joys and Troubles of this World, and the Terrour of Death also, with a constant, present Felicity to be with God the moment we expire. For I do believe, that God mocks no Man with a hope of *Heaven* that he shall miss of, if he seek it as he ought. I do not say that I do this; but I do averr, That I will not change the Happiness I have in my Retirement, to be a Prince without it. I do own God's Mercies to me in every thing, and do serve him the best I can in all things, and do envy no Man's Talents who can serve him better.

I write not to instruct wise Men, but to shew some *Ideas* of Devotion, for such weak Brains as mine to work upon.

If these be not good Arguments for my Retirement, I wish that you may find better in your publick Conversation.

*Your humble Servant,*

*January* 5. 1692. *W. K.*

## *On Humane Weakneſs.*

WE have no means to pleaſe Almighty God,
But to beg Mercy, and avoid his Rod;
We have no Joys on Earth that can ſuſtain
Our Souls, or free our Fleſh from conſtant pain.
Our hearts alone are only ours to give,
And only can diſpoſe 'em while we live;
And that's ſo hard a Task, we always find
Some difficulties, ſtill divert the mind
From *Heaven*, where all good Men deſire to be,
Yet fear to go, which is a Myſtery,
And ſuch a Riddle, that 'twere worth the while
Our ſelves unto our ſelves to reconcile.

---

## *We muſt all die.*

THo' we know not when, we do all know why
It is decreed by God that we muſt die:
And ſince no remedy can death prevent,
To free us from that fatal puniſhment,
Let us conſider how we ſurely may
The daily Terrours of that Doom allay.
The firſt thoughts then that ſhould our hearts poſſeſs,
Our Souls are not depriv'd of happineſs,
Whoſe laſting Eſſence muſt for ever be
Immortal, living by the ſame Decree.
But where! the Queſtion is; for none can tell,
Whether he be deſtin'd to *Heaven* or *Hell*,
Till by the light of Scripture, or by Grace,
We may be certain of the better place.

For

For then will death our bleſſed Souls convey
To our immortal Bliſs, the ſureſt way.
This is a Leſſon for all Men to learn,
But is decrepid age's chief concern,
Who ought to watch for their laſt puff of Breath,
Which brings true life, tho' we do call it Death,
Which only faithleſs Men and Children fright,
But to good Men proves their ſupream Delight.

---

## *On* Nineveh's *Repentance.*

IF God an Angel ſhould from *Heaven* ſend,
To bid us faſt and pray, can we pretend
To feaſt and dance, and not our God offend?
When we his Goodneſs and his Will withſtand,
By ſlighting of ſo gentle a Command;
Inſtead of Fire and Sword, when Tyrants rage,
Slew Saints by thouſands in the former age.
Much greater now will our Offences prove,
When we deſpiſe ſuch favour and ſuch love.
When Piety and Grace ſo faſt decay,
That (as we ought) few neither faſt nor pray,
But careleſs throw our precious time away;
As if the world were given us to defie
Our God, and ſhew we ſcorned to comply,
Till he appears in Glory, with ſuch power,
As will both *Heaven* and *Earth* by fire devour.
Our wanton wealth and luxuries do look,
As if our ſtubborn Nation were forſook
By God, until our *Nineveh* repent
In ſack-cloth and in aſhes, to prevent
Our fatal Doom, and his juſt Puniſhment.
Unleſs our Princes do without delay,
Teach all the People how to faſt and pray,
We may be all together ſwept away.

But

But this God's love and anger may divide,
So as to lay his flaming Sword aſide;
And with his glorious Shield and Spear to riſe,
And free us from our ſubtileſt Foes ſurprize.
Thus we may convert God's ſevere Decree
To love (by our profound humility)
And find delicious Joy to faſt and pray,
When fervent, ſacred Zeal bears all the ſway.

---

## *On Dying daily.*

TO write of Dying, and to ſpend our breath
In long diſcourſes of approaching death,
Is not the daily dying we ſhould learn,
Nor is ſuch practice of ſo much concern;
For we ſhould live in every reſpect
Like pious Men; or we that rule neglect,
Which is the true ſuperlative degree
Of dying daily, while we living be.
To live in Heaven while we on Earth remain,
Will greater joy, and higheſt honour gain;
For death by God is unto good Men ſent,
To give eternal life, not puniſhment.

*On the desire of Variety.*

'Tis strange Man's nature should be so inclin'd,
To relish nothing that is most refin'd,
Without variety, which we pursue,
Tho' worse than what we have, because 'tis new.
Yet thus we daily seek for more content
By vicious ways, which proves our punishment;
When down-right honesty would more prevail
For bliss, when all our wandring wishes fail.
Yet Nature will its natural desires
Maintain, and such variety requires,
That often turns our present joys to pain,
And makes our losses greater than our gain.

---

*On a covetous rich Man.*

If wealth can hardly pass a needle's eye,
Men may with joy their poverty supply,
With hopes to pass, who have no weighty packs
Of such rich glitt'ring bundles at their backs,
As over-load their Souls with houshold-stuff,
When little food and raiment is enough
To pass them through this World: Such golden (streams
As brightest shine, prove but fantastick dreams,
Which mock their sleep with some false pleasing (sight
Of shadows, that do vanish with the night.
Tho' this unto poor me may seem most true,
'Twill find but little credit with rich you:
To part with any parcel of your store,
To cloth the naked, and to feed the poor;

Tho'

Tho' Christ declares 'tis him whom we do feed,
When we relieve his Children in their need;
And may with justice rather curse than bless
Such wicked men as do his poor oppress.

---

### *On negligent cold Prayers.*

IF thy Devotion be not always alike delightful, examine thy own heart, if thy Addresses to God be alike zealous, if thy fervency of Spirit be not sometimes slackned; and then do not wonder if God gives cold encouragement to cold Petitions; he values his great Blessings at a higher price, than to part with them to Men that mind not what they ask, nor unto whom they pray. He gives his bright shining favours, only unto flaming hearts, that think of God with awful reverence, and pray with such angelical adoration in their approaches to the Throne of Mercy, as may obtain the secret joy of a divine rapture in Devotion; with such *Ideas* of eternal bliss, as will not be purchased at an easier rate, than a whole heart offer'd up to God in a daily Sacrifice.

---

### *On a Desire to die.*

IT is a great mistake to think all Men desire to be with God, whose afflictions make them desire to die, only to be rid of their uneasiness on Earth, as if they could flatter God to welcome them to Heaven, who never had a thought of going thither, until their Joys on Earth forsook them. Such Men should consider, that God's all-seeing Eye searches the

the heart, and diſcerns when Men's chief arguments for love to him are his divine Perfections, and their gratitude for Benefits received; ſuch a flaming Zeal may raiſe Men's Souls to ſuch ineffable Joys on Earth, as Men truly pious can only judge of.

---

*On frequent Meditation.*

AS our Saviour ſaid, when he likened Heaven to a Grain of Muſtard-ſeed; ſo may I ſay of a Grain of divine Meditation; if it be ſown in a rectified heart, it will in a little time grow unto ſo great a Joy, that nothing can reach nearer to Heaven; for it will raiſe the Soul of ſuch a Man thither, that ſets himſelf to a conſtant practice of blowing thoſe divine Sparks into a flaming love of God, by frequent Meditations; which ought to be the Souls food daily, to make them live unto eternity in Heaven, and by cuſtom will create freſh Joys every day, ſo faſt and delightful, as is ineffable to be expreſs'd by words; nor can any Man's fancy reach thoſe conſtant pleaſures, but he that feels and reliſhes ſuch divine Ecſtaſies as a ſpiritualiz'd Soul can riſe to.

---

*On Time miſ-ſpent.*

TIme is the greateſt Treaſure that we have
For uſe, between our Cradle and our Grave;
Which we ſtill ſtudy how to paſs away,
Tho' no Man can its pace one moment ſtay.
'Tis ſtrange that Nature ſhould ſuch Joys reſiſt,
By which we naturally do ſubſiſt;

So

So often tir'd with idle thoughts in health,
As if we knew not how to ſpend ſuch wealth;
But daily wiſh we could to Time add wings,
Tho' his approach no welcome tiding brings;
Yet various hopes ſtill in our hearts create
Freſh Objects to abuſe, not mend our Fate.

---

## *How to improve our Time.*

FIrſt is to be contented with our Lot,
Not to repine for that we yet want not.
When health with food and raiment will ſuffice,
We may abounding Plenty then deſpiſe,
For the ſhort time that we on Earth remain.
But they who would celeſtial Joys obtain,
May think Time ſlow, whoſe ſure tho' lazie pace,
Keeps them too long from ſeeing of God's face,
Whoſe righteous Souls, by Meditation, fly
Faſter than Time can paſs their Deſtiny;
And ſo a quicker prepoſſeſſion take
Of Heaven, than lingring long-liv'd Time doth make.
When Meditations are divinely ſet,
God and our Souls are in conjunction met.
Thus we may out-ride Time, our Joys improve
By greater ſpeed, when we converſe above,
In frequent Raptures of Seraphick Bliſs,
While our diviner Thoughts do practiſe this.

*How to excuſe, and how to inform unlearned Men.*

IT is not poſſible for unlearned Men to judge the Opinions of great Doctors, who ſeldom do agree in the niceſt points of the divine Philoſophy, becauſe the *Greek*, the *Hebrew*, and the *Syriack* Characters, do afford various Senſes to diſpute on, and to exerciſe their Wit to inform the World the right way to Heaven, which too often does produce quite contrary effects in the Thoughts of univerſal Ignorants, who know no rule to judge the right, and ſo do doubt of all. Let ſuch Men walk in the plaineſt and moſt trodden paths to Heaven, and be comforted with aſſurance, that

He who does love God moſt, will ſerve him beſt,
And will by Faith in Chriſt be ſurely bleſt.

---

*On Dooms-Day.*

SInce Saint-like Innocence from Earth is fled,
And ancient Vertue in moſt Nations dead,
It ſhows Religion ſo deformed grown,
By various Sects, that moſt Men now have none;
But ſuch vile Pretences for *Ambition*,
That *Anti-Chriſtians* only dare to own;
Tho' covertly too many do combine
To propagate ſo wicked a Deſign,
Such as no ſad Example can prevent,
Nor make ſuch bloody Tyrants e'er repent;
Who think an univerſal *Monarch* might
Deſtroy whole Nations, for his own delight,

By

By daily breach of *God*'s direct Command,
When Love and Charity for Cyphers ſtand;
While Fire and Sword do deſolations make
Throughout the World, that will no warning take;
But ſtill provoke our much-incenſed God,
To ſmite us with his moſt devouring Rod,
To terrifie ſuch Sinners in our Times,
As do exceed bold *Korah*'s fatal Crimes;
With flaming Streams and gaping Earth devour
Millions of Men, with Cities, in one hour.
That makes us ſhake, and in amazement ſtand,
To think our Dooms-day may be near at hand;
When Seas may ſwallow Iſlands on command,
As well as Earth does Cities on the Land.

---

*On Sickneſs and Health.*

OF ſick Men's Zeal we make no kind of doubt,
When the ſharp pains of Strangury, or Gout;
Moleſt them, with ſuch reſtleſs agony,
That good Men are compell'd to wiſh to die,
Becauſe their fleſh no longer can ſuſtain
Patience, with ſuch intolerable pain.
If our foundation for all joy in wealth,
Be beſt ſupported by a conſtant health;
How much more Zeal then may our ſtrength and eaſe
In gratitude afford, than a Diſeaſe
Pretends to? only to avoid the Rod,
When our health clearly ſhews our love to *God*,
By making ready with ſerene delight,
For a quick Summons to our *Maker*'s ſight;
When we do frequent Hallelujahs ſing,
That without pain will us to Heaven bring;
With cheerful hearts more gratitude expreſs,
Than ſick Men's ſighs and groans aloud profeſs.

All

## *All Men must die.*

WE must die, and 'tis happy that we must;
And not our natural affections trust,
Lest our weak Faith beget in us content
To dwell on Earth, as a just punishment;
For loving of so troublesome a Fate,
And valuing Heaven at so low a rate,
As ne'er to wish that we may thither go;
While *God* will give us leave to live below.
To finish some great Business, we pretend
From time to time, until our Journey's end.
But *God*'s Decree will our defects supply,
Who has ordain'd that all who live shall die:
When he calls, Death admits of no delay,
All arguments laid by, we must obey.

---

## *To my proud, rich Censurer.*

YOu say true, I a Beggar am, and poor,
But have had more than you have, heretofore;
Honesty and Poverty were no Crimes
Accounted, 'mongst wise Men in former times.
And if we now consider right, there's none
But Beggars from the street-Cripple to the Throne!
The ragged poor beg alms of all they see
Of my dependers, and they beg of me;
And I as humbly beg the Prince I serve,
For such grants, as I think I do deserve;
My Prince that in a higher station stands,
Begs of the Parliament, whom he commands;
And they beg their Elections, and the Purse
Of all the People, which is much the worse;

And all the Nation beg for *Grace* from *God*,
For Peace and Plenty, as their livelihood.
So that the whole World is in some degree,
Liable to some kind of Beggary.
If thy loose tongue do want an argument
To rail, *My want is a just punishment*
*For my past luxuries, which I confess*
*Were daily acted to a great excess.*
And unto which thou may'st as justly add,
*My many sins, while I was blindly mad.*
*Yet after all, in Charity might tell*
*By what well known great accidents I fell,*
*To want; and yet if justice I obtain,*
*I shall my former Lands and State regain.*
Till then, let not thy heart my want despise;
For I am happier in this disguise,
Than all thy wealth and gaiest robes make thee,
Which I have worn, with more variety,
Than thy thin Fortune will thy pride allow,
Of which thou so much prat'st, and boastest now.
But if injustice does 'gainst me prevail,
My faith in *God*'s great Mercy, will not fail
To give me Paradise, instead of *Gold*,
With present joys too glorious to be told.
I scorn thy Wealth, thy Titles, and thy Wit,
And only unto *God*'s Decrees submit,
And all thy malice do forgive; *&c.*

On

### *On Gratitude.*

LOrd, let my Gratitude rejoyce, to find
My Nature is so much by Grace refin'd,
That thou hast wean'd me from the World, and made
Me learn to know thy will, yet still afraid
Of a relapse, till thy divinest light
Guides and inflames my heart with such delight,
As will create Seraphick Joys to see,
And to observe, adore, and worship thee;
Then will my zeal be fix'd, and my retreat
From fading glories, to thy Mercy-seat;
Will fill my Soul with Raptures so divine,
As will declare thee mine, and make me thine;
Than which, there does no greater bliss remain,
But thy beatick Vision to obtain.

---

### *On Faith, as the best Wedding-Garment.*

LOrd, enrich my heart with Faith, as the best
Wedding-Garment, for this most sacred Feast,
Lest doubting of thy mercy should create
More sin, to raise and aggravate thy hate,
Instead of pardon for those Crimes are past;
And leave no remedy for this at last.
Such doubting strikes at thy Omnipotence;
To slight thy Mercy is a great offence,
Next to presuming on't with Insolence.
I therefore beg thy holy Spirit may
Direct my Faith, and teach me how to pray.

On

### *On a Reprobate's Repentance.*

I Thank my God, that now my Zeal doth burn,
Like the joy'd Prodigal's, in his return:
Tho' not adorn'd with glorious Robes and Rings,
To fix the reconciled Sons of Kings.
I meet my Father with his smiling face,
After his anger, and my just disgrace,
Who will so great a Reprobate embrace;
And with bless'd Comforts make my heart aspire
To such a Sonship as I most desire;
Such as may *Adam*'s Innocence excell
In Paradise, before he sinn'd, and fell.

---

### *The Hope of a true Penitent.*

LOrd, now my Soul does relish a delight
In thee; I am assur'dly in the right,
And will not doubt but my addresses may,
With hope, encourage my joy'd heart to pray,
For a prime place in the great Judgment-day,
Where no Man's Vertue can by merit claim
Such Mercy, as belongs to God's great Name,
Where Sorrow only and Repentance can
Restore to favour a relapsed man.
Thus will the solitary hours I spend
In worshipping of God, in glory end,
If I perform the Sonship I pretend.

*On Faith with Repentance.*

LOrd, let thy grace and mercy never ceaſe,
To make my joy and gratitude encreaſe,
By hating my beloved former Crimes,
(And repetitions) in theſe purer Times.
Since now 'tis clearly taught and underſtood,
That we are ranſom'd by our Saviour's Blood,
When worthily receiv'd, with faith and love,
'Twill comfort bring, and ſure Salvation prove.
With what care then (as an invited Gueſt)
Should I prepare for this celeſtial Feaſt!
Where Penitence with Faith aſſur'dly brings
Full pardons unto Beggars as to Kings.
Words quickly ſaid, and are as ſoon forgot,
As our paſt ſins, which we remember not
So often as we ought, with grief and ſhame,
Nor long rejoyce to be thus freed from blame,
That by a miracle of mercy gain
Eternal bliſs, through our great Prophet ſlain.

---

*On a good Man's deſire to be in Heaven.*

THoſe who dare ſhake the Hour-glaſs in Death's (hand,
To make the quicker paſſage for the Sand,
Have mounting Souls, with a ſerene delight,
To haſten us to God's beatick ſight,
And ſurely may a better welcome gain,
Than thoſe that longer would on Earth remain.

### *To a careleſs Sinner.*

THou doſt not, ſure, believe that thou ſhalt die,
Or never think'ſt upon it ſeriouſly;
Becauſe thou liv'ſt as if thou didſt diſdain,
After this life, ever to riſe again:
Elſe thou wouldſt ſet a higher price upon
The Glories of thy Reſurrection:
For 'tis not poſſible a Man of ſenſe
Can always hold ſo ill intelligence
With Heaven, as not to wiſh, or not to fear,
He never may, or never would come there.

---

### *Some Caveats.*

WHen petty Pleaſures are procur'd with Gold,
When youth is gone, and we decrepeid old,
There's no more *Guſto* than a Tale twice told.

The greateſt Monarchs, while they flouriſhed,
Were honour'd and ador'd; but being dead,
Were ſoon forgot, and only pitied.

So that whatever Marble Tombs pretend,
All their gay glories never can defend
Their pamper'd bodies from the Beggar's end.

*Ceſar* and *Alexander* both became
The higheſt ſplendor of a glorious Name;
And yet in ſome things both deſerved blame.

So that when Men have all the World ſubdu'd,
They may themſelves, and all their Fame delude,
Unleſs they do in Piety conclude.

Thoſe

Thoſe mighty Hero's ear'd not to be good,
(But brave) becauſe they never underſtood
The ſacred Sanction of our Saviour's Blood.

But thoſe who ſaw the Miracles he did,
And heard how boldly he their Crimes forbid,
Are juſtly ſcourg'd, inſtead of being chid.

What's our due then, who do believe, yet run
The courſe which that accurſed Crew begun,
To ſlight God, and re-crucifie his Son?

Which ſhews Men want ſome Caveats to reſtrain
The idle Fancies of a buſie Brain,
That frequent loſſes bring, inſtead of gain.

Theſe ſerious Thoughts are Caveats to deſpiſe
Such Crimes, as from our idle hours may riſe,
And captivate our Senſes in diſguiſe.

Till by a power divine we can obtain
Such bright, ſerener joys, as will ſuſtain
Our Souls, and to eternity remain.

For we are born to learn, and to expreſs,
By daily actions, what we do profeſs
To purchaſe everlaſting happineſs.

*On Poverty.*

Pure honeſt Poverty in former times,
Was no diſgrace; but now our latter Crimes
Have introduc'd new kinds of puniſhments,
To expiate our ſins, for old Contempts
In luxury, and ſuch profuſe expence,
That we are now chaſtiz'd for that offence,
With Penury, to make us own our ſhame,
And free all preſent accidents from blame:
Which from God's mercy now to us is ſent,
To make our moſt obdurate hearts repent.
And yet there may ſuch poverty proceed
From wicked Men, whoſe malice have decreed
Our ruine, to get wealth for their ſupport,
In ſpight of right, or their damnation for't.
And ſuch abſurd, baſe ſcandals do invent,
That no man's innocence can e'er prevent.
From ſuch Devils, good Lord, deliver me,
As hate all thoſe, who truly worſhip thee;
And with profound repentance do ſubmit
To all the judgments that our God thinks fit;
And make the poverty I now endure,
For all exceſſes paſt a perfect cure.

On

## *On Pride.*

OF all the Vanities I know, 'tis Pride,
Which all the World moſt juſtly may deride,
That like an Aſs, with golden Trappings dreſs'd,
Thinks himſelf 'bove all other Beaſts the beſt;
And when he brays, does all that hear him fright,
Miſtaking their amazement for delight;
Like gilded Fools, that only learn of late
To ſtrut, and make loud noiſe when they do prate;
For Pride did ne'er the greateſt man adorn,
Nor free him from God's hate, and wiſe Men's ſcorn.
Satan for Pride, and for Ambition fell,
With his accurſed Crew, from Heav'n to Hell.

## *On Pride's Kindred.*

PRide's next of kin, are ſuch as do deſpiſe
Their Neighbours, for the Motes in their dark Eyes;
Who firſt their own Beams ſhould remove, then learn:
That Rule, by which they may ſuch Motes diſcern,
And by this caution conſtantly prevent
Such raſh Cenſures, that do raiſe diſcontent
Between good Friends, who ſeldom will endure
A blind Man's Precepts, till himſelf he cure.

Septemb. 3. 1693.

*On this Day's Sacrament received.*

*LORD,*

I Did believe, but not such joy conceive
As since I did thy Sacrament receive,
To ratifie thy mercy, and my zeal,
By adding of thy Holy Spirit's Seal
Upon my heart, to manifest thy love,
And all my doubts and fears by faith remove,
Which made me shrink from death; but now my (voice
Shall Hallelujah's sing, and Soul rejoice,
To celebrate this Victory obtain'd
O'er all my sins, by thy bless'd Conduct gain'd.
How great then is my Obligation grown,
If thou wilt this day my Election own,
By adding joys on joys, and grace on grace,
Till I in glory come to see thy face!
And now adore and worship thy great Name,
With warm addresses from this sacred flame.

*On*

## *On Adoption.*

I Have read, that he who lives in a constant, uniform Obedience to the Gospel, and performs the Conditions required in it, departs sincerely from iniquity, and shuts up the ways that lead him into temptation, may give himself as strong and comfortable an assurance, that he is an adopted Child of God, as if a voice from the Clouds should tell him so; and is a good argument for frequent Meditations.

---

## *How to know when our Sins are forgiven.*

IT has been asked, How a Soul may know when her Sins are forgiven? and answered thus: When she finds the same affection to God, with his that said, *I hate iniquity, and all false ways I utterly abhorr.* Yet *David*, who said so, did die, and so must we. Tho' our Souls may, by the same grace, become of the same temper with his, and our sins be forgiven too; yet we may consider how few Men do slip out of this World into eternity, with a joyful hearty delight to be with God (through divine Love) which is the highest perfection of an holy life; and is our greatest assurance to manifest our sins forgiven, when our Souls are by faith so fixed on God, as to know no joy so great as such spiritual Comforts do raise, when we desire to be in Heaven; which taught *David* to hate iniquity, and to abhorr all false ways; and so reduced him from all his sins, to become a man after God's own Heart.

*On Reconciliation before we die.*

IF we fully conſider our manifold ſins, and the horrid Puniſhment due unto us for them, if not forgiven before we die, 'twill make us tremble at the approach of Death. But if we do believe in Chriſt's plenteous Redemption, with GOD's immenſe Mercy to deliver us from Hell's eternal Torments, and exalt us unto *Heaven*'s eternal Joy and Glory; it may be juſtly ſaid, Happy is that Man who can obtain ſuch a Reconciliation with GOD before he die (as daily to delight in the Meditation of a ſudden Death, with inward aſſurance of his eternal Bliſs the moment he expires) which is the higheſt Exaltation of Joy on Earth, and will be the greateſt Comfort at the hour of Death; and ought to be the chief Buſineſs of all Men to live and die ſo, who do march every moment, from our Cradles, dying, towards our Graves.

## *On Heavenly Joy.*

WHate'er we do on Earth, we all pretend
Heaven is our Home, Heaven is our Journey's (end.
That's true Seraphick Joy, when we do find
Such elevated Bliss, as fills the Mind
With high transports of God's celestial Throne,
And all our meaner Objects we disown:
Yet sometimes spoil our bless'd angelick rest,
To rowl on Roses, when on Thorns is best,
Vainly thinking some diviner Grace
May smooth afflictions with a smiling face;
When sighs and tears (if they come not too late)
More surely can our heavenly Joys create.
When God observes our Zeal to do our best
To please, we shall assuredly be bless'd;
And may expect to find more Penitents
Encircling of God's Throne, than Innocents:
Which shews sincere Repentance surely can,
With a fix'd Faith, restore relapsed Man.
Thus may our high-rais'd, warm addresses prove
Bright Ecstasies of the divinest Love.
Then will our Souls from dross be clean refin'd,
And by our sacred Chymist be calcin'd,
Fit for a Choir of Angels to attend
Such Saints, and sing them to their Journey's end.

*On taking heed of all our Ways.*

WHen God reduces Sinners, to take heed
Of all their ways, in thought, in word and (deed,
Repentance then will be of little use,
When all our actions will need no excuse:
We shall the World subdue, and stoutly stand
In full obedience unto God's Command.
And then will Death in glorious Robes descend
To guide, not fright us, at our Journey's end.
So that if we take heed in all our ways,
We shall the Devil defeat, and wear the Bays.

---

How

## *To a Friend.*

*My dear Friend,*

I Have read in a divine Author, That if God be with us, he will make us see that he is with us; and will not depart from our sight, until he has brought us never to depart out of his. Which is a Lesson of high concern to Men in this World; for Thus to enjoy God here, is to be in Heaven before we die. When our Souls are thus transported with a continual divine Conversation with Almighty God, we may taste and relish his celestial Joys to some degree, so as to envite us to value his spiritual Comforts above all carnal Fruitions. So that our great Business is to improve this Blessing to the highest reach of humane Fancy, by a daily practice of holy Meditations, to contemplate and observe how God doth infuse this joyful enjoying of Him into our Souls, by the secret working of the Holy Ghost; when we set our selves with zealous integrity to find him there, to converse with us on this great lesson of his immense Mercy, with our humble prayers to be enlightned from above, to participate of such angelical Delights, as far as our frail Nature will admit of; which by frequent use, will bring us to such an habit of holy living, that *God* will manifest his presence ever with us, by an inward Felicity of divine Comforts, to such an assurance of our Election unto eternal Bliss, as is ineffable to be described: So that when we raise our Thoughts with a divine Desire, to know as much of *God* as we can know, and of his being with us, he will add of his *Grace* to enlarge our Capacities to such

such heavenly Trances in Devotion, that we shall be with him, and he with us, as we do wish, with such a joy as will dread all diverting Occasions that shall obstruct those Emanations of his holy Spirit working in us.

And thus if we do entertain our selves by such frequent addresses to find *God*, he will daily meet, and ever dwell with us, if we unfeignedly desire to dwell with him; and will give us such a glimpse of his eternal Bliss, as may fix our hearts on Heaven, and make us live every moment in a joyful Expectation of Death's quickest Summons thither; and by this frequent entertainment of thy Soul with *God*, Thou, my Friend, wilt find such a communication with *God* on Earth, to be the highest Perfection of Piety, and a felicity much more delightful than all other Diversions, which can never reach such Seraphick Joys, as I wish to thee my Friend.

## *On the Fear of Death.*

IF we fully conſider our manifold Sins, and the horrid Judgment due unto us for them, it may well be ſaid, Happy is that Man who can obtain ſuch a Reconciliation with God before he die, as daily to delight in the meditation of a ſudden death, with inward aſſurance of his eternal Bliſs the moment that he expires. Becauſe all our *Ideas* of the divine Felicities above, do ſeldom invite Men to welcome Death with cheerful Hearts: Our fears are ſo much ſtronger than our Faith, that too many Men do rather think, than find they do believe that Chriſt's plenteous Redemption will cancel all their Crimes, and bring them into Heaven; and therefore dare not really rejoyce to look on death; but ſtart back from ſuch angelick Happineſs, as he brings good Men to participate of, in God's eternal Glory; which natural infirmity of doubting, can only, by an illuſtrious Faith, be removed; and that Faith, by frequent Prayers, be obtained. Then, thus to live, and ſo to die, will make us live and die in great tranquility, though not to reach St. *Stephen*'s Faith, who ſaw *Heaven* open to him; yet to ſo great a degree of divine Raptures in Devotion, as to be filled with elevations of an inward aſſurance of our Election, which muſt come from God, when the Soul is in ſuch a bleſſed Trance of celeſtial Delight, that is ineffable to be deſcribed. How neat ſuch joy is to the joy we read of in Paradiſe, when fervent Zeal is by a lively Faith ſo raiſed, and fixed in God by frequent Meditations, it is a wonder that ſuch Men can fear to die, or doubt to go to God with cheerful Hearts, when thus invited, and thus led by his holy Spirit, with ſuch bright illuminations of ſurprizing joys, while thoſe divine Flames laſt,

as cannot be related. When Men's hearts are warmed with such Seraphick high Transports of Love and Mercy from Almighty God, to give true Penitents some taste of their eternal Glory; that being thus enlightned, they may not fear to die; but rather welcome death, who comes to carry them to Heaven, which is the highest Exaltation of the Soul's joy, so to delight in God, that the expectation of Heaven may be more pleasant, than all the momentary Fruitions of this World are, compared unto a blessed incomprehensible Eternity,

Which neither Wit nor Fancy can express,
When multiplying numbers make it less;
When neither first nor last can e'er be known
Points so far distant, yet so join'd in one,
That the eternal Circle shews us none,
But is a secret known to God alone.
'Tis such a sacred Riddle, so profound,
That humane Wisdom never can expound;
But leaves us still to wonder and adore,
What will be after, and what was before.

## *On the Power of Faith.*

THough Men by Nature born to fear, and to avoid what may seem hurtful, yet that fear by Grace and Faith may be converted into divine Valour of the highest kind, as is evident by the Three Children in the fiery Furnace, and by *Daniel* in the Lion's Den; which with other the like Examples, should invite such Men as trust in God, not to fear what he only can prevent, if he thinks fit; and though a fearful Man cannot remove a Mole-hill for want of Faith, much less Mountains; how little Faith then have we, when the noise only of Ill News does affright our unsetled Souls

with

with dismal apprehensions of what may never happen more than the ill event brings with it, if it do, unto such pious men as live prepar'd to bear afflictions for few moments here, with faithful, joyful Thoughts of their eternal Happiness in Heaven. So that we see the Power of Faith will remove the greatest terrour, and work Miracles, when Men dare trust in God.

Lord, give me grace to live, as I do write,
And as thy holy Spirit shall indite,
To manifest thy mighty Mercy shown
To such a Reprobate as must own.

*Christ's Doctrine to suffer.*

CHrist's Doctrine is with patience to inure
Our selves to suffer, what he did endure
On Earth; from that malicious, curst Crew,
Who scorn'd his Miracles, and boldly slew
Their blest'd *Messiah*, who did then submit
To die, because his Father did think fit,
That we, redeemed by his precious Blood,
Might trust in him, who dy'd to do us good;
And now may sighing sing, and weeping pray
Our death may prove our highest Holy-day,
When we with Christ in Paradise appear,
And shine amongst those blessed Angels there.

*On the Power of Love to God.*

TO love and fear God, is what every good Christian doth own, and what most Men think they do; but very few, I fear, do understand what it is to love and fear Him as we ought, with all our Heart, Soul, and Mind, above all other Objects whatever; which is a Lesson of great use to bring Men to *Heaven*; who know that we are dying eve-

ry moment that we live, and cannot wish more pleasure here, than we shall find by serving God thus: For those who can love him with all their Heart, and Mind, will worship, and adore him with the same Zeal, and will obey, praise, thank, pray, and trust in him with the like fervent affection, in all their divine addresses, with their utmost endeavours to be with him in *Heaven*; which *God* never will reject; nor can eternal Bliss be purchased at a lower rate of Love.

Thus God exposes *Heaven*, to entice
Good Men, to purchase at the Market-price;
When Love, with all its Perquisites, comply,
To fix a blessed Immortality
On such exalted Souls, as take delight
To meditate on his beatick sight.
When their enlightned Faith does bring them there,
(Enrich'd with love) they'll bid adieu to fear,
And leave no arguments to justifie
Such timorous Men, as dare not think to die;
Though their eternal joy will then be such,
That none will have too little, or too much.
And those who truly love, will surely find
Their happiness by God is predesign'd,
Who sees the heart and thoughts of every Man,
That loves and serves him to the best they can.

## *On Faith.*

WHen Faith grows strong, our Fancies will soar high,
To search the secrets of Eternity;
Which to our Souls are of so near concern,
That no man can a greater Lesson Learn,
Nor have a more serene, celestial Bliss,
Than he'll enjoy, by practising of this.

Great

Great ſtep, which by degrees will lead him on
To the ſacred Seat of his *Adoption*,
Where Faith 'bove all the Gifts of Grace will ſhine,
With Love in Bliſs, and Glory moſt divine.

### *On God's Mercy.*

OUr *God* from us his Glory keeps conceal'd;
Becauſe it would deſtroy us, if reveal'd:
His Eſſence we can never underſtand;
'Tis well if we obey his juſt Command;
For God to mortal Man will never teach
Such great Secrets; becauſe what we can reach,
By Nature cloys, as ſoon as had or known:
He therefore lets us live by Faith alone;
Still ſubject to ſo many hopes and fears,
That our prime Joys are damp'd by frequent tears;
Which daily do our ſorrows multiply,
Until death comes, to tell us we muſt die;
The only remedy ordain'd to cure
All ſorts of evils that we here endure.
Yet God in mercy makes amends at laſt,
To free us from all miſeries are paſt,
By raiſing them to bliſs, who do their beſt
To gain a ſhare in his eternal reſt;
Which beſt in God's eſteem is to do all
Was done by bleſs'd St. *Stephen* and St. *Paul*.

### *On true Valour.*

HAppy are they, who in theſe latter days,
Are fill'd with love, with gratitude and praiſe
To God, whoſe joyful Souls do ever fly
With higheſt thoughts of their Eternity;
And by the actions of their lives declare,
That Faith in Chriſt, has conquer'd their deſpair,
For all paſt Crimes; and now with Death has made
Strict Friendſhip, never more to be afraid

Of his moſt ſick alarms, in diſguiſe,
Nor of his quickeſt Summons by ſurprize.
And thus the greateſt Cowards in the Land,
For Valour may in competition ſtand,
With any Hero's of the former age,
Or thoſe who now in a juſt cauſe engage,
When Courage is a Vertue to be brave,
And ſets a Crown on ſuch a Soldier's grave.

*On Relapſed Man in Paradiſe.*

WHen Youth with ſtrength, wealth, and beauty (flouriſh,
Some ſhort joys our wanton hearts may nouriſh;
But when old age is much decrepid grown,
We ought with ſighs and tears great Sorrows own,
For idle hours that we have vainly ſpent,
Without the ſenſe of ſhame or puniſhment;
And if we die in that unhappy ſtate,
All hopes of mercy then will come too late;
So that if age revive, and propagate
Paſt ſins, till they do greater Crimes create,
'Twill turn old *Age*'s Bleſſings into hate.
Then let no mortal man preſume to think
He cannot ſee, when he is pleas'd to wink;
For no Man yet was ever ſuch a Sot,
That *Age* his former Crimes had ſo forgot,
That on his Crutches thinks 'tis boldly brave,
Loaden with Crimes to creep into the Grave.
Much worſe than Youth, when croſs'd in his deſire,
In a mad fit, dares leap into the fire:
Which ſhows, that all our *Ages* here, ne'er can
Retrieve the Curſes of relapſed Man;
Till faith in Chriſt create a brighter flame,
Impow'ring men to have a ſurer claim

To Heaven, at our blessed Saviour's cost,
Than that, which *Adam's* disobedience lost.
By which, we the intrinsick Treasure find
Of future joys, in a Seraphick mind.

## *On the Power of Faith.*

IF all Men did our Christian Graces understand, That like good Heraulds we might rank them according to their antiquity and merit, *Faith* may claim the highest dignity and place, as of just right, to be the most fixed foundation on the blessed Rock of our Salvation, which will, unmov'd, withstand the greatest Storms, when lofty Structures built on Sand, are, with Wind and Rain, soon tumbled down. And if we mind those mighty Miracles of the first *Ages*, they all relate unto *Faith*. Our blessed Saviour also used to say, *Whosoever believeth in me, shall never die*: (Do you believe that I can do this? and then, Be it done according to your *Faith*) *Thy Faith has made thee whole.* The Woman with the bloody Issue, had no other application for her Cure but *Faith*.

Without *Faith*, what signifies our Creed?
And to what purpose did our Saviour bleed!
If we all Doubting could from Faith divide,
Pure Faith would then in greatest triumph ride.
God grant all those the Power of Faith, that die
In joyful Hopes of bless'd eternity;
When their departing Souls will gladly own,
By faith they rise from Dunghills to a Throne.

### *How to delight in GOD.*

THe Text says, *Delight in the Lord, and he will give thee thy hearts desire*: And no doubt but if we delight in him, with the highest faculty of our Souls (above all carnal appetites) with contemplation of his glorious *Essence* and *Attributes*, in frequent fervent Prayers, with continual Gratitude for his daily Mercies. To adore him as we might, we should find such a rejoycing in God, to be the most voluptuous felicity that the heart of Man is capable of: But we mock our selves too often with a belief of this Felicity, by a careless searching short in our own Hearts, for a clear proof of the divine Perfection of this delighting in God; which every Man must find in himself; for no Man can correct the unseen Errours of his Neighbour's heart. So that it must be every Man's concern to examine his own Conscience, how much he rejoyces in God, more than in all worldly Fruitions; and according to his proportion in excelling therein, his peace of Conscience will prove the more exalted joyful Feast, and will create in him the greatest hope of his heart's promised desire, and is the surest way to remove our natural Fear of Death, who only can lead us to glory; which all Men ought to think on, more than all other affairs in this World: For if we delight in God as we ought,

We should the clear intrinsick value find,
When Grace enriches a delighted Mind,
That trusts in God; and by such bless'd converse,
Excells all pleasures of the Universe,
Which no Man's Faith nor Fancy can conceive,
Till that delightful practice gives him leave:

Then

Then Souls enlightned by that holy fire,
Will pass to Paradise when they expire;
An higher Bliss can no Man's heart desire
Though worldly joys may all our Senses please,
The Soul's joy makes them all but a disease.
But when God's glory in our Souls doth shine,
It shews those holy Raptures are divine.

Yet we ought not to think, that every petty pleasing Object that assaults our Senses, doth deserve the Name of a Delight, more than little Children have for every new Baby they do see. But when the Soul's supreme delight is so fixed on God, that every address brings men as near to him, as Souls can come while they are involved in Clay; yet by a flaming Zeal, and such high mounting Faith, as doth believe that God is every where, and Heaven with him, and them, are altogether at that time there, Where such joys may grow up to such a divine Delight in God, as will come nearest unto his beatick sight (tho' few Men seek it by such practice as we might) and therefore cannot fansie such transcending Bliss on Earth, as those hermetick Livers have, who daily do converse in Heaven, with great delight, in expectation of a quick Summons thither; and such Piety may be truly called, *Delighting in God.*

'Tis said my Book does need apology,
To beg a Pardon for tautology;
Which is a Crime I never understood,
If the repeated matter be all good;
*David*'s Example, as my Pattern, may
Excuse that Errour, and for pardon pray.

On

### *On the Power of Divine Meditation.*

*David* says God requires no Sacrifice,
But Penitence and Faith; he does despise
The Blood of Beasts; We are to thank and praise
His holy Name, and honour him always.
And if we trust him as we ought, Mankind
Will be, by frequent Comforts, so refin'd,
That we on Earth shall have a daily taste
Of his eternal Peace, and joys at last.
If *David*'s Rules authentick be, That God
Had rather use his Mercy than his Rod,
And proffers Heaven at so cheap a rate,
T'invite us to become regenerate.
What labour less can mortal Men invent,
To gain God's favour, and 'scape his punishment!
If thus our Duty may his Favour claim,
All Men will trust and honour his great Name.
Such Ecstasies in Meditation will
Men's heads with glorious heavenly Visions fill;
And by degrees our Souls with joys advance,
To think that we are there in such a trance;
And find that such enlightning Zeal as this,
Is emanation for our future Bliss.

### *A Dream of Heaven.*

THough Sleep Death's Image be, I have been now,
I know not where, convey'd I know not how!
Where something did appear so dazling bright,
I could not see its Glory, for the Light.
My Soul surpriz'd with Wonder; and amaze,
Methought I pray'd, and did forbear to gaze:
Frighted and pleased at what I lik'd, and fear'd,
I found it was a Dream of Heaven appear'd;

Which

Which waking fled; but did my Fancy fill
With bleſſed *Ideas*, which abide there ſtill
With ſuch tranſporting joy, that I can weep
To think of what I had, and could not keep.

*On a Dream of Hell.*

STart not, my Soul, 'tis but a Dream, to ſhow
The diſmal Terrors of eternal Woe,
Which unrepenting Sinners feel below:
Where Satan with his curſed Crue do dwell,
For their Ambition tumbled down to Hell;
While we rejoice on the Divine Preſence
Of our exalted Bliſs, by Penitence.
Thoſe fiery Streams, we ſeem to ſee,
May give us joy to find that we are free
From that ſad Doom, where Torments never ceaſe,
But rather to Eternity increaſe:
While our Converſion doth aloud proclaim,
What mighty Honour due to God's great Name;
Who will, in Mercy, ſave a Reprobate,
If his Repentance do not come too late?

*On Death.*

'TIs very ſtrange the World ſhould ſtill comply,
To think that Death is ſent to make us dye,
By leading us to Immortality:
And the ſame moment does our ſouls convoy
From worldly ſlavery to eternal joy.
So that we ought to find ſome other Name
For God's great Meſſenger, that bears our blame
Alone, tho' Life and Death are both the ſame
Moment our eternal Lot, to end this ſtriſe,
We may treat Death as our firſt ſtep to Life:
No terror find by our remove from hence,
When all our Happineſs proceeds from thence.

The

# The POSTSCRIPT.

IF Heaven be what we read, or hear and see, or do believe to be the glorious Habitation of the more glorious *Trinity*, that we pretend to love, to obey, to truſt, worſhip and adore, as one united God, who has created Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all therein; and from whom we do expect eternal happineſs, when our Souls expire. How can we juſtifie this Creed, if in our actions we daily do tranſgreſs what we ſo daily do profeſs, as if our preſent moments did afford us more concern, to pamper fading Fleſh for being Worms meat in the Grave, above the nouriſhing of our Souls with heavenly *Manna*, to endure unto eternity.

If this be Goſpel-Truth (as I think it is) I cannot chuſe but wiſh and pray, that my Retirement may produce the like Effects in others, by reading what I write, to obtain the high Felicity I privately enjoy, tranſcending all the gliſtring Vanities that I have ſeen, and too largely ſharedin; but now know no Felicity in this World, to be compar'd unto the Joy of living ever ready to go out of it, which is not ſo eaſily done, as ſaid, though we endeavour all we can.

*Now, Reader, I have nothing elſe to ſay;*
*But wiſh thee Grace to meditate and pray,*
*Which will high joys create, and teach thee why*
*True Piety will never fear to dye,*
*When arm'd with ſuch Divine Philoſophy.*

FINIS.